



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

SCHLESINGER LIBRARY

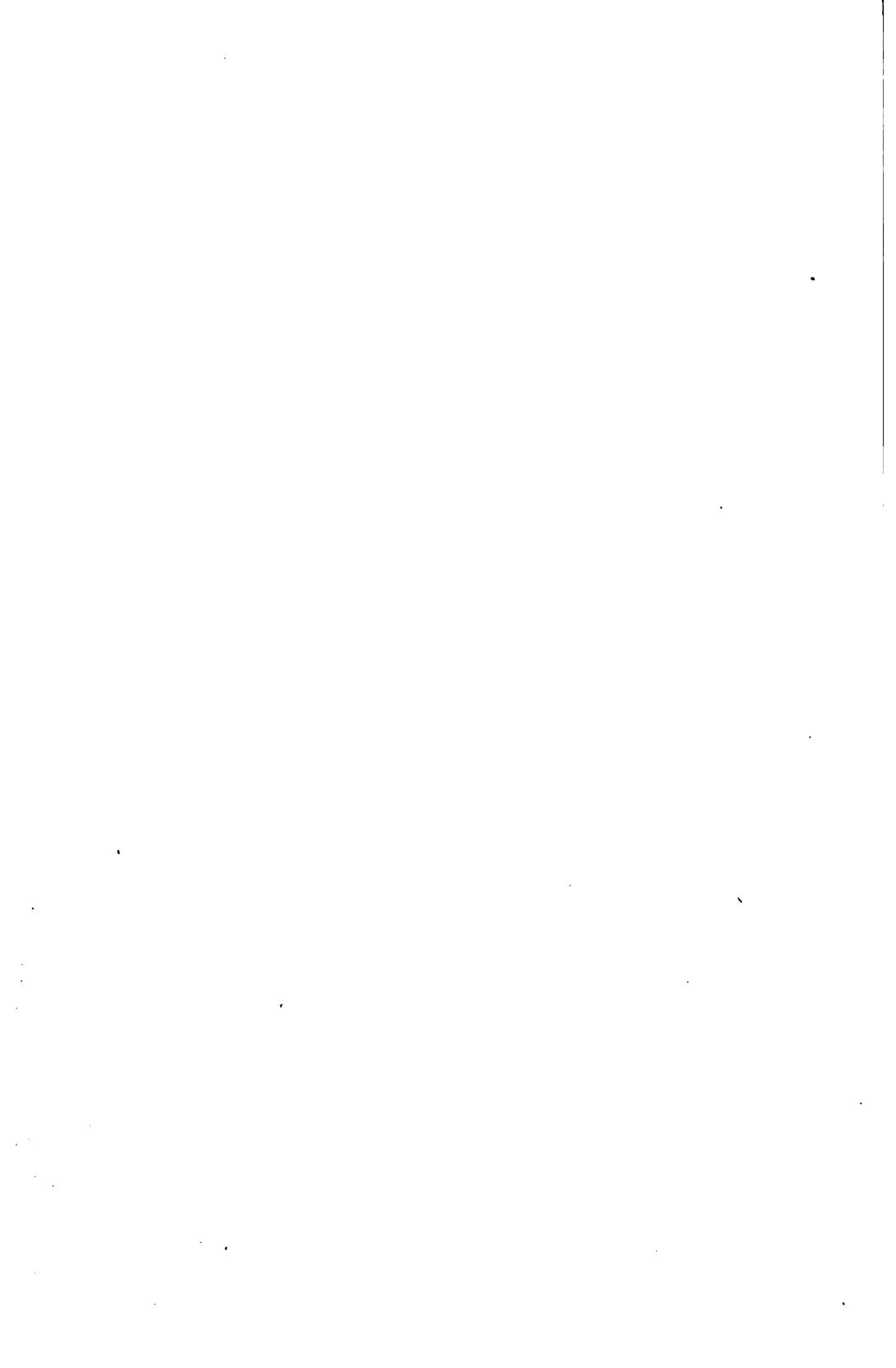


RS LU2B X



THE GIFT OF
Harvard Dramatic Club





THE PROGRESS OF
MRS. ALEXANDER

LOUIE R. STANWOOD

THE HARVARD DRAMATIC CLUB

***“THE PROGRESS OF
MRS. ALEXANDER”***

A Comedy in 3 Acts

By

LOUIE R. STANWOOD



**CAMBRIDGE
HARVARD DRAMATIC CLUB**

812.52
S792 p
Rad 22

29625

Harvard Dramatic Club

*This play was first presented by
The Harvard Dramatic Club at
Brattle Hall, Cambridge, Mass.
on Monday, December 12, 1910*

~~Rad W
S 792 p 2~~

*Copyright, 1910
All Rights Reserved*

THE HARVARD DRAMATIC CLUB

Most college organizations devoted to the drama confine their efforts solely to the acting of plays which either are already well-known or else, as works by authors of substantial reputation, carry with them a fair promise of success. The Harvard Dramatic Club, however, was founded with the unique idea of encouraging play-writing as well as acting. For this reason two competitions, open to all undergraduates or recent graduates of Harvard or Radcliffe, are announced each year. With one exception, all the plays in the four productions so far given by the club have been chosen from these competitions.

"The Promised Land," by A. Davis '07, the first venture of the club, although a large and difficult production, met immediate success in the fall of 1908.

In the following spring the Graduate Advisory Committee, consisting of Winthrop Ames '95, director of the New Theatre in New York; Professor G. P. Baker '87, and H. T. Parker, dramatic critic of the Boston Transcript, decided upon the presentation of four one-act plays. "Death and the Dicers," by F. Schenck '09; "Five in the Morning" by H. Hagedorn '07; "The Heart of the Irishman" by L. Hatch '05; and "The Horse Thieves" by H. Hagedorn '07 were all exceedingly well received. Thus the first year of the club was a success far beyond the hopes of the original founders.

What finally proved to be an attempt far more ambitious than either of the two preceding, was the production in December, 1909, of an adaptation of Hawthorne's "Feathertop" by Percy MacKaye '97. "The Scarecrow," a fantastic "tragedy of the ludicrous," combined a demand for subtle acting with the necessity for unusually clever stage-management. In both of these particulars the club far exceeded the standard set by the first year's plays.

Again the spring production consisted of four one-act pieces. "The Better Way," by P. Mariett '11; "Marvellous Bentham," by H. Hagedorn '07; "The New Age," by D. Carb '09; and "The Higher Good," by T. H. Guild 2G. were selected from about twenty

plays submitted. All four were of a high order, and the acting throughout was well up with the club's achievement in "The Scarecrow."

For the first time in the history of the club, the Advisory Committee has announced a play by a member of Radcliffe College. "The Progress of Mrs. Alexander," by Miss Louie Rogers Stanwood, a second year student at Radcliffe, is given under the direction of Mr. Francis Powell, formerly with Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe.

With the exception of the leading rôle, the feminine parts are played by members of the Idler Club of Radcliffe College.

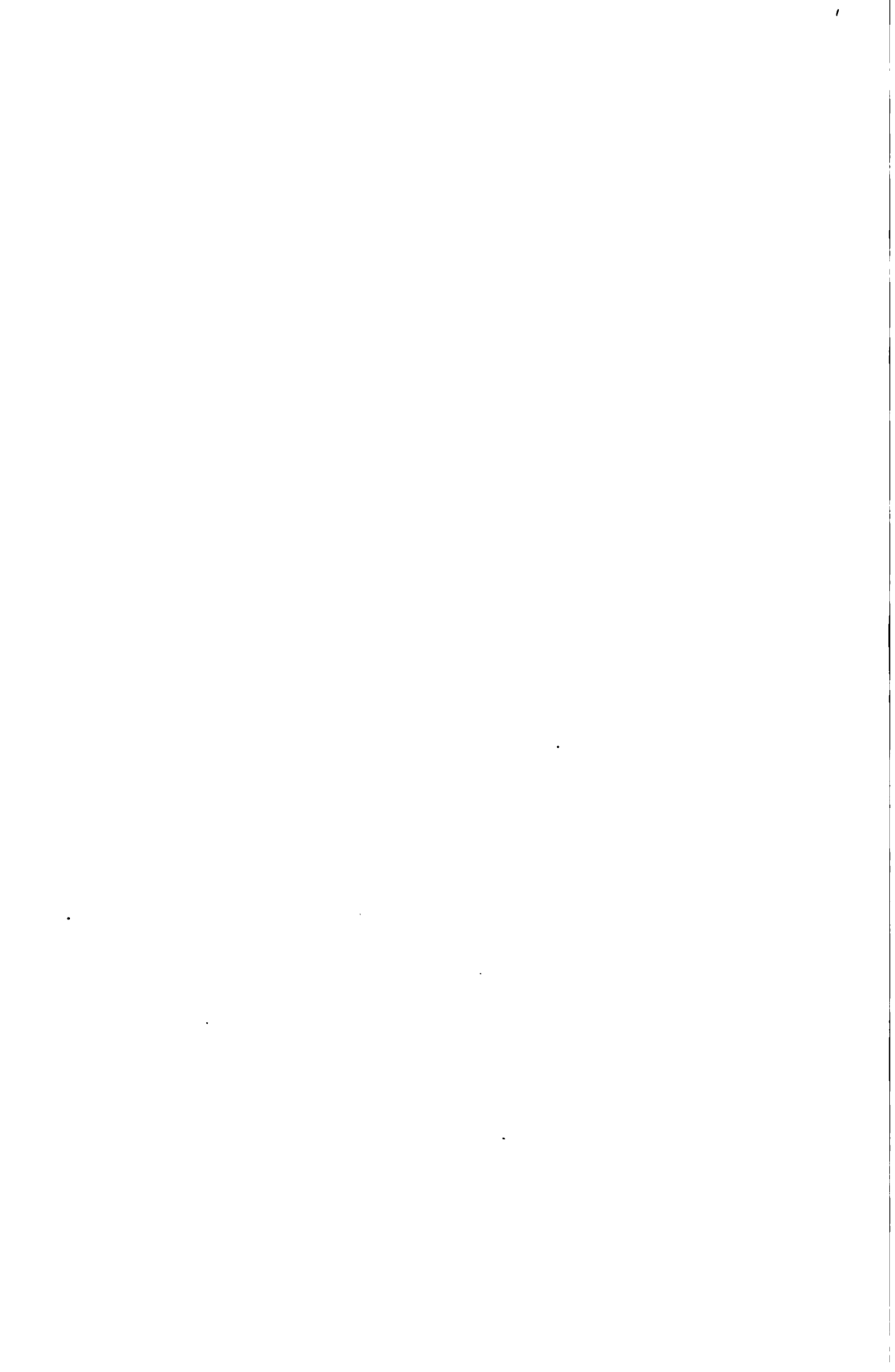
MRS. ALEXANDER SMITH. . . Mrs. THORNDIKE DUDLEY HOWE
ALEXANDER SMITH, her husband. . . . W. C. WOODWARD, '12
FLORENCE KENYON, her secretary. . Miss LOUISE BURLEIGH
CHARLES FRANCIS FULLER, 3rd, of Boston. . M. T. QUIGG, '13
PRINCE SARSKI, of Russia. T. M. SPELMAN, '13
PROFESSOR WINTHROP, of Harvard. . . . S. A. ELIOT, '13
MRS. ADAM BERKLEY HILL, of Boston. Miss ESTHER PICKERING
MRS. J. J. VANZYNE, of New York. . . Miss MARJORIE E. SMITH
MRS. VIVIEN, of Everywhere. Miss HAZEL MACKEY
MRS. SAMSON, of Breezebro. Miss GLADYS CLARK
MRS. BEALES-BROWNE, of Boston. . . Miss KATHARINE THAXTER
EVELYN BEALES-BROWNE,
her daughter. Miss MARGARET ECKFELD
BILLY BEALES-BROWNE,
her son, a Harvard Undergraduate . . . R. C. DUNCAN, '12
MR. HENRY MADISON,
an elderly Bostonian, her cousin. . . . A. M. HAY, '14
MISS WILTON, of Boston. Miss CAROLINE SOLIS
MABEL, a maid. Miss MARIAN BLACKALL
BERTHE, a ranch maid. Miss ESTHER WOODBURY
BUTLER. H. A. VAN LANDINGHAM, 2G.
HIGGINS, a footman. J. H. LORD, '14
JASON, a footman. J. K. HODGES, '14
JINGO, a buttons. E. L. G. HACKES, '14
BRIDGE PLAYERS. { Miss CAROLINE DUDLEY
Miss LOUIE HODGE
Miss MARY B. REED

TO

PROFESSOR GEORGE PIERCE BAKER

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

MRS. ALEXANDER SMITH.
ALEXANDER SMITH, her husband.
FLORENCE KENYON, her secretary.
CHARLES FRANCIS FULLER, 3d, of Boston.
PRINCE SARSKI, of Russia.
PROFESSOR WINTHROP, of Harvard.
MRS. ADAM BERKELEY HILL, of Boston.
MRS. J. J. VANZYNE, of New York.
MRS. VIVIEN, of Everywhere.
MRS. SAMSON, of Breezaboro.
MRS. BEALES-BROWNE, of Boston.
EVELYN BEALES-BROWNE, her daughter.
BILLY BEALES-BROWNE, her son, a Harvard Under-graduate.
MISS WILTON, of Boston.
MR. HENRY MADISON, an elderly Bostonian, her cousin.
A Maid, and a French Maid.
A Butler, two Footmen, a Buttons (Japanese).



ACT I

BREEZEBORO, MICHIGAN

ACT II

NEWPORT

ACT III

BOSTON, MASS.

TIME: THE PRESENT

THE PROGRESS OF MRS. ALEXANDER

A Farce-Comedy in three Acts

ACT I. BREEZEBORO

The scene represents Mrs. Alexander Smith's "den" in her new house in Breezeboro, a small city of the Middle West. The room is very pretty, very pink, prosperous and up to date. Many pictures on walls, many potted palms, pink carnations in vases, many papers on desk (near window, R.) Table with telephone, R. Typewriter, extreme R. Small table down L. with seven packages tied up with white paper and pink ribbons. Door with rose-colored portieres at Back, leading into hall, door with rose-colored portieres L., leading into drawing-room. From this room comes the sound of many high-pitched female voices, sometimes increasing, sometimes lulling.

FLORENCE KENYON (*Secretary*): *discovered at desk, very busy writing, sorting papers, etc. She is a pretty and animated girl, dressed very trigly —, a distinctly modern type. Telephone rings. A smart and aggressive Maid, with pink bows on her cap, dashes into the room before Florence can answer it.*

MAID (*at 'phone, loud voice*): Hello — yes —, it's Mrs. Smith's house — this is Mabel — oh! (*to Florence, abruptly*) He wants you! (*Florence looks annoyed, but goes to phone. Maid listens a moment then dashes off, back.*)

FLORENCE (*at phone*): Yes, this is Miss Kenyon, Mrs. Smith's secretary, — Miss Florence Kenyon, yes! — Why how do you do, Mr. Fuller! — What are you doing in Breezeboro? — Oh nonsense! — Go along! Well, *come along* — how's Boston? — Oh! — (*she gurgles with laughter*) What? — yes, but I'm *always* busy here, — of course I'll be glad to see you — now brace up and hurry up — goodbye *Boston!* (*hangs up receiver, and returns to desk*). Now was n't that just like Charles Fuller? — (*mockingly*) "When are you at leisure" — leisure! (*laughingly*) — "Thank you, Miss Kenyon, Boston still has her own

peculiar charm" — peculiar! — Poor old Charles, what is he doing in Breezeforo? — *(she bites the end of her pen-holder, thoughtfully).*

(Telephone rings again, — Maid dashes in as before, but Florence gets there first, in one jump, and looks disappointed when she listens at phone. Maid flounces off.)

FLORENCE *(at phone, very briskly)*: Hello — yes — oh! — I'm afraid Mrs. Smith can't come to the 'phone just now — this is her secretary, Miss Kenyon — give me the message. — Mrs. Vanzyne? — from New York, yes. Well, Mrs. Smith is very much engaged this afternoon with the Bridge Club — and then she has a committee meeting for the Charity Bazaar and a dinner tonight — yes, she's frightfully busy — I don't know when she can see you. Mr. Smith? — Oh, I don't know, I suppose he's at his office. Why don't you just drop in? — oh! — All right, Mrs. Vanzyne, I'll tell her. Goodbye. *(Hangs up receiver, goes to desk, makes a note of it.)*

MAID *(dashes in with a note)*: Special delivery — for her. Will you sign for it? *(Florence signs, maid dashes off. Florence looks at note, hesitating, then goes to door of drawing-room, L. and looks between the portieres a moment. — loud hubbub is heard, off L. — Florence returns to desk, hubbub dies down.)*

MRS. SMITH *enters L. through portieres. (She is a large, handsome woman, with much force in her face, and restlessness in her manner. She is dressed in pink, or rose color, and her air of prosperity and pleasant importance also matches it. Her gown looks very, very new, and rather fussy, but she looks interesting nevertheless, and her smile has good humor in it.)*

MRS. SMITH: Well, Miss Kenyon, what is it? —

FLORENCE: Two or three things, Mrs. Smith, — this special delivery note — *(hands note to Mrs. S., who opens it quickly and reads it in one glance)* this telephone message, and these notes waiting your signature.

MRS. SMITH *(throwing note on desk)*: You can answer that, Miss Kenyon. Let me see, — I'll sign this one *(writes without sitting down)* — "Eliza W. Smith." You can just sign that one — Eliza W. Smith per F. K. What's the telephone message?

FLORENCE: Oh — here — Mrs. Vanzyne, from New York,

called you up, — she's at the Hiawatha House, until tomorrow, wants to see you. Of course I told her you were engaged.

MRS. SMITH (*much excited*): But Miss Kenyon, was it Mrs. John Jacob Vanzyme, *the* Mrs. Vanzyme?

FLORENCE (*indifferently, glancing at paper*) "J. J." — that's it.

MRS. SMITH (*beaming*): Really! I met her abroad last summer — I never expected — I mean I wonder what she's doing in Breezaboro? What did she say?

FLORENCE: Oh, she insisted on seeing you, or talking to you, or something. Those New Yorkers have nerve!

MRS. SMITH: You don't seem to realize — I hope you were n't rude, Miss Kenyon?

FLORENCE: Oh, no, just a little bit snifty — told her how rushed you were and all that.

MRS. SMITH (*quickly*): Did you mention the Charity Bazaar?

FLORENCE: I did.

MRS. SMITH: Ah! — that's right, but perhaps I had better — (*goes to telephone, then pauses*) Did Mrs. Vanzyme 'phone herself?

FLORENCE: First it was the maid speaking, then she spoke herself.

MRS. SMITH: And you told her who you were?

FLORENCE: Your secretary — yes.

MRS. SMITH (*smiling contentedly*): Quite right, Miss Kenyon! (*calling*) Mabel! — (*Maid with pink bows dashes in.*) Mabel, just call up the Hiawatha House and get Mrs. J. J. Vanzyme of New York. (*Maid looks surprised, but acts promptly.*)

MAID (*at 'phone*): Gimme West Breeze' 101 — one-o-one — hello, Hiawatha? — This is Mabel — gimme Mrs. J. J. Vanzyme of New York — yep — Hello, Mrs. Vanzyme? — This is Mabel — (*Mrs. Smith made a frantic gesture, Mabel turns to her*) What? —

MRS. SMITH: Say, *this is Mrs. Smith's maid*, and make sure it is Mrs. Vantyne herself —

MABEL (*briskly*): This is Mrs. Smith's maid, and are you sure you're Mrs. Vanzyme?

(*Mrs. Smith pushes Mabel away from 'phone and makes gestures of appeal to Florence.*)

MRS. SMITH: No, no! — Go away! (*Mabel flounces off.*)

FLORENCE (*at 'phone, prompted by Mrs. Smith*: Hello,— Mrs. Vanzyne? — This is Mrs. Smith's secretary, and Mrs. Smith is delighted to hear that you are in town, and she — a — says —

MRS. SMITH: *Do* come in this afternoon —

FLORENCE: Can't you come in this afternoon? — She is n't receiving, and she can't leave, but she'll see you — (*looks at Mrs. S. for approval.*)

MRS. SMITH: *Charmed.*

FLORENCE: She'll be charmed to see you,— yes, any time —

MRS. SMITH: *Quite informally* —

FLORENCE: *Quite* informally — will you come? Thank you — good-bye. (*Hangs up receiver.*) There, that's all right, Mrs. Smith.

MRS. SMITH (*graciously*): Yes, my dear. And now for a little note — take my monogram paper, Miss Kenyon, and write this in my name — (*sits. Florence at table writing*) "Dear Mrs. Vanzyne,— (*Florence looks surprised*) Yes! — "Will you waive all ceremony and dine with us this evening, very informally, and Mr. Vanzyne also, if he is with you? — I am only expecting one or two friends."

FLORENCE: Excuse me, Mrs. Smith, but had n't we better say expecting *only* one or two — instead of "*only expecting?*"

MRS. SMITH (*coldly*): You learned that at college? — Well, as you please, go on, Miss Kenyon,— "I am expecting only one or two friends, including Mr. Markham, editor of the Breeze-boro Bulletin. Hoping for the pleasure of having you with us, I am — in haste — yours cordially — no, cordially yours — Elizabeth W. Alexander-Smith."

(*Florence looks up in surprise again.*)

MRS. SMITH (*haughtily*): Yes, and you may put a hyphen between Alexander and Smith.

(*Florence smothers a laugh as she finishes note.*)

FLORENCE: What's the use of this note when she's coming here presently?

MRS. SMITH: Miss Kenyon, I hope I know social etiquette even if I have n't been to college. (*With an imperious gesture*) Let me see it —

(Florence hands note.)

MRS. SMITH *(dropping her hauteur and looking uneasy)*:
What's wrong with this note-paper?

FLORENCE: Too thick and too much scented, monogram too large and too pink. Simplicity for mine!

MRS. SMITH: Well, well, order me some new paper tomorrow — with a smaller monogram in rose and silver — *(Florence makes a memorandum of this)* and meanwhile send this to the Hiawatha by the chauffeur —

(Four ladies, including Mrs. Samson, rush in from drawing-room L, all talking at once.)

THREE LADIES AND MRS. SAMSON *(all together)*:
Mrs. Smith — listen — how about this — Mrs. Samson — revoke — penalty — not at all! etc.

MRS. SMITH: Mercy ladies! What's the matter?

A LADY: Mrs. Samson —

MRS. SAMSON *(an overdressed little woman with a shrill voice)* I did not!

MRS. SMITH: Please be calm, Lily. You did n't what?

MRS. SAMSON: Revoke! — At least, I did n't mean to, I did n't see that little diamond —

MRS. SMITH: It's well to see even *little* diamonds, Lily. It's well to play the game, and pay the penalty.

A LADY *(quickly)*: What's the penalty for a revoke?

MRS. SMITH: Three tricks *from* her score or *to* her opponent, — you all know that!

THREE LADIES: Aha, Mrs. Samson!

MRS. SAMSON: I don't think I ought to pay the full penalty — anyhow she had no right to double it without the ace of hearts, — it made me nervous!

MRS. SMITH: Nonsense, Lily Samson, don't squeal. You had better go back and retrieve your blunder!

(Three ladies exit, two laughing, and one, Mrs. Samson's partner, glaring.)

MRS. SAMSON *(at portieres)*: I don't suppose Mrs. Smith knows any more about Bridge than I do!

MRS. SMITH: Lily, wait a moment — do keep the women in the parlor, if possible, for I'm expecting a call from Mrs. Vanzyne of New York —

MRS. SAMSON (*astonished*): Mrs. Vanzyme? — not —

MRS. SMITH: Yes, Mrs. J. J. Vanzyme,— I want to have an intimate chat with her in here. Do excuse me for a while — and you keeping them waiting, Lily.

MRS. SAMSON (*very much subdued*): Oh — yes? (*she retires to card-room*).

MRS. SMITH: Now, Miss Kenyon,— (*Enter "Buttons" with a card on tray. He is a short boy, covered with shiny buttons,— a Jap. Buttons brings card to Florence*).

MRS. SMITH (*eagerly*): Is it Mrs. Vanzyme? —

FLORENCE: No, Mrs. Smith, it's a friend of mine from Boston, a Mr. Fuller,— I met him when I was at college — he — he's just —

MRS. SMITH: Show Mr. Fuller in here, Jinjo,— (*Exit Buttons*). I shall be glad to meet your friend, my dear, — oh but I shall let you see him alone too!

FLORENCE: Mercy, Mrs. Smith, I don't — he's just —

(*Enter Charles Francis Fuller, 3d, a self-conscious young Harvard graduate, who looks as if he took life and himself very seriously. A very gentle manner, a touch of superiority, not unmixed with embarrassment.*)

FLORENCE (*shaking hands with him heartily*): Hello, Mr. Fuller! How are you?

CHARLES: How do you do? — (*he looks as if he wanted to keep her hand, but drops it*).

FLORENCE: Mrs. Smith, may I present Mr. Fuller?

MRS. SMITH (*shaking hands with Charles*): Delighted to meet you, Mr. Fuller.— Let me welcome you to Breezeboro!

CHARLES: Thank you so much.

MRS. SMITH: You are a graduate of Harvard College, I think? — (*Charles bows*). And what has brought you to Breezeboro?

CHARLES: I am a correspondent of the Transcript —

MRS. SMITH: What's the Transcript? (*Charles looks shocked.*)

FLORENCE: Just a Boston paper,— *the* Boston paper, I mean.

CHARLES: I am writing up the Middle West,—an unknown country to Boston! — (*Florence bridles*).

MRS. SMITH: Really!— Well, I hope you'll condescend to mention Breezeboro!

CHARLES (*seriously*): Oh, certainly. (*Mrs Smith and Florence laugh*).

MRS. SMITH: Now you must excuse me, Mr. Fuller,— I have a Bridge-party on my hands,— I will leave Mr. Fuller in your hands, Miss Kenyon. (*At portiere L.*) I hope you'll dine with us, Mr. Fuller.

(*Charles murmurs something.*)

(*Exit Mrs. Smith L.*)

FLORENCE: So it was *not* to see *me* that you came to Breezeboro,— I thought it was something more serious than *me*!

CHARLES (*gently*): I, Miss Kenyon — please!

FLORENCE (*laughing*): *You*! Oh, there's nothing more serious than you! Well, what do you think of Breezeboro?

CHARLES: A typical Middle-Western city, of second size —

FLORENCE (*indignant*): Typical! — Not at all, it's different from any other place in the world,— thank goodness it's different from Boston! — The West for mine!

CHARLES: Yet you came East for college!

FLORENCE (*giving him a chance*): And you came West — for —?

CHARLES (*missing the chance*): For the Transcript.

FLORENCE (*sarcastic*): Conscientious Charles! — Could n't let it pass for a pleasure trip! — (*with impatient gesture she goes to desk*).

CHARLES: I hope to combine duty and pleasure — (*Florence handles papers on desk*): But I fear you are busy, Miss Kenyon, I fear my visit is an interruption —

FLORENCE: Nonsense! You know we always scrap, you and I? As Kipling says:—

“Oh East is East and West is West

And never the twain shall meet”!—

(*she sweeps the papers to right and left in two opposite heaps*).

CHARLES (*taking out note-book*): Permit me to make some

notes for my letter to the Transcript — (*Loud hubbub in Bridge-Room*): The ladies play Bridge here, I note —

FLORENCE: Yes, it's one of the manners and customs of the natives. They have also a curious custom of eating with forks — except soup! (*She darts at the typewriter and clicks the keys loudly.*)

CHARLES (*stiffly*): You seem busy, Miss Kenyon, I think I had better go — (*His soft words are drowned out by the noise of the typewriter and the Bridgers. He stands helplessly.*)

(*Enter Mrs. Smith L. followed by Mrs. Samson.*)

MRS. SMITH: Miss Kenyon!

(*Florence stops abruptly, a little confused. Charles puts his note-book in his pocket.*)

MRS. SMITH: You see how busy we are, Lily! — By the way, Mrs. Samson, let me introduce my new secretary, Mr. Fuller of Boston.

(*Charles gasps, and stands helplessly trying to think how to phrase his denial.*)

MRS. SAMSON: Pleased to meet you, I'm sure. (*Insists on shaking hands.*) (*To Mrs Smith in hoarse whisper*) Two secretaries, Eliza?

MRS. SMITH (*coolly*): Yes, I really needed two. Mr. Fuller has just arrived, I must speak to him — (*she makes a slight gesture toward the Bridge-Room.*)

MRS. SAMSON: Oh, yes, of course, — but Eliza, what would you make it, with this hand? (*showing her hand of cards.*)

MRS. SMITH: It depends on the score — what's the score?

MRS. SAMSON: I don't know!

MRS. SMITH (*witheringly*): Perhaps you had better go back and play Bridge, Lily! (*Exit Mrs. Samson, quite crushed.*)

CHARLES (*hesitating*): Mrs. Smith —

MRS. SMITH (*promptly*): Mr. Fuller, pray pardon the liberty I have taken, — it was an impulse, but it's true that I do need another secretary, — a man — and really now why could n't you accept the position? At least for the present? Now why not? — Miss Kenyon needs assistance, and you know you need n't sever your connection with that paper — the — a — Transcript. I sha'n't require your services for more than a

few hours a day. What do you say? (*Charles is trying hard to say something. He looks wistfully at Florence, who looks intently out of the window.*)

CHARLES: I — I — really Mrs. Smith, I don't know,—it could perhaps be arranged —

MRS. SMITH: I should think a weekly letter from Breezeboro might be of interest in the Transcript —

(*Charles smiles a sad smile. Florence shakes all over.*)

CHARLES: I should be very glad to help Miss Kenyon if —

FLORENCE (*coolly, looking off*): Oh, if Mrs. Smith has made up her mind to have you, Mr. Fuller, you might as well surrender right now! She always gets what she wants.

MRS. SMITH (*laughing*): Then we'll consider it settled!

FLORENCE (*jotting down in memorandum book*): Thursday, February the nineteenth, Mr. Charles F. Fuller engaged as Assistant Secretary.

MRS. SMITH: Not assistant, my dear!

FLORENCE: Oh, well, Secretary of the Department of the East! I'm the West. I'm a Suffragist, Republican, expansionist, progressive, a Rooseveltite,—I suppose he is a Democrat and Anti- everything!

CHARLES (*explanatory*): My attitude —

MRS. SMITH (*smiling*): I hope for harmony in my cabinet! Are you ready to take the portfolio, at once, Mr. Secretary? — Miss Kenyon will give you some facts.

FLORENCE: Yes, facts for mine. He is all theories!

MRS. SMITH: And you might write some Harvard notes for the Breezeboro Bulletin, Mr. Fuller. (*Charles brightens up.*) Now, young people, work, and don't squabble! (*Charles looks pained at the word "squabble".*)

(*Florence and Charles together at desk. Enter Buttons with a card.*)

MRS. SMITH: Mrs. Vanzynel (*she rushes quickly from the room, through door at back. Buttons stands looking at Charles and Florence.*)

FLORENCE (*to Charles*): Now don't sit there looking like the Irishman's owl! — (*a faint chuckle comes from behind the shiny buttons of Jinjo.*) Fade away, little blossoms!

(*Exit Buttons.*)

CHARLES: My dear Miss Kenyon!

FLORENCE: Oh that last line was for the Buttons,—he's all buttons — and eyes. Gets on my nerves. Now get busy,—help me with the catalogue.

CHARLES (*eagerly*): Books?

FLORENCE: No, young man, neither books nor bulbs,—People!

CHARLES: How extraordinary!

FLORENCE (*gathering up papers*): Come, she'll be bringing that New York woman in here,—let's go into Sandy's den.

CHARLES: Sandy?

FLORENCE: I mean Mr. Smith.!

CHARLES: So there is a Mr. Smith!

FLORENCE: Surely! — And he's all right too.

CHARLES: Mrs. Smith seems to me a rather interesting type,—or rather, personality.

FLORENCE: Oh, *she's* all right!—Sh —!

(*Re-enter Mrs. Smith with Mrs. Vanzyne. The latter is a slender lady, dressed in the last word of fashion, and with all the insolence of the true New Yorker.*)

MRS. SMITH: This is my little den, Mrs. Vanzyne, we can be quite cozy here. Ah!—let me present my two secretaries, Miss Kenyon, and Mr. Charles Francis Fuller of Boston. I really needed some one from Harvard.

MRS. VANZYNE (*daintily*): Yes, dear, you *did*. (*She sweeps the room with a quick glance, and her lip curls a little*).

FLORENCE: Excuse us, Mrs. Smith? We are busy! (*Mrs. Smith nods. Florence and Charles go off, back.*)

MRS. VANZYNE (*dropping into a chair, ready to be bored*): You are a woman of affairs, Mrs. Smith. And I fear I'm keeping you from your Bridge-party.

MRS. SMITH: Not at all, dear Mrs. Vanzyne, I don't play with them, I just supervise — they are all right if I give them plenty of cards and plenty to eat! Will you join them in the dining-room?

MRS. VANZYNE: Oh, no, thanks. I have only a minute to stay.

MRS. SMITH: Then we'll have a quiet cup of tea in here.

(*She presses a bell-button in wall twice.*) Presently I shall distribute the prizes — you see! (*pointing to table with seven parcels*).

MRS. VANZYNE: Prizes! How sweet! — It reminds me of the days when I was a little girl, — in Brooklyn!

MRS. SMITH (*looking uneasy*): Don't you play for prizes in New York?

MRS. VANZYNE: Dear woman, no! — for stakes!

(*The pink-ribboned maid dashes in with a tea-tray, Buttons follows with a tray of cakes.*)

MRS. SMITH: Just here, Mabel — that will do.

(*The tray is deposited on table beside Mrs. Smith. Exit Mabel. Jinjo stands still with cakes, until, at a signal from Mrs. Smith, he offers them to Mrs. Vanzyne with a low bow.*)

MRS. SMITH (*Pouring tea and handing it to Mrs. Vanzyne*): It was so sweet of you to look me up in this informal manner, — can't you dine with us tonight?

MRS. VANZYNE: I fear not. This is such a hurried trip, you know. Mr. Vanzyne had business in Breezaboro (*she gives Mrs. Smith a keen glance*) and I seized the opportunity to see you again. (*Her smile is mysterious.*)

MRS. SMITH (*flattered, but puzzled*): Charming of you! — Jinjo, you may go — no, leave the cakes — Jinjo! (*Buttons has placed the dish of cakes on the floor.*) Here on the table, — now go.

(*Exit Buttons*).

MRS. VANZYNE (*amused*): He's a new toy, is n't he?

MRS. SMITH (*annoyed*): Yes, and such an idiot, — I'm so sorry!

MRS. VANZYNE: Not at all. I thought that quite an oriental touch. Why don't you give a Japanese tea and have everybody sit on the floor? How would your Bridge Club look sitting on the floor? — Is this one of them?

(*Mrs. Samson has come in through portieres, cards in hand.*)

MRS. SAMSON: Oh! Excuse me, Eliza, —

MRS. SMITH: Oh Mrs. Samson, — let me present you to Mrs. Vanzyne.

MRS. SAMSON (*beaming, but ill at ease*): Pleased to meet you, Mrs. Vanzyne! I hope you like Breezaboro? Do you play

Bridge? (*She insists on shaking hands, to the boredom of Mrs. Vanzyne.*)

MRS. SMITH (*coldly*): Are n't they waiting for you, Lily?

MRS. SAMSON (*giggling*): Oh, they won't notice, they are all talking about their servants! Do tell me what to make it with this hand, Eliza.

MRS. SMITH: With that hand,— Lily Samson! — make it “no trump” of course!

MRS. SAMSON: I'm way behind.

MRS. SMITH: Then take the chance, and play for a “grand slam”!

MRS. SAMSON (*fearfully excited*): All right! — Hope to see you again, Mrs. Vanzyne — (*she hurries off, exit.*)

MRS. VANZYNE: That's good advice — “take all the chances.”

MRS. SMITH (*gaily*): That's the way I play! — You see I have to settle all the Bridge questions,— and everything else in Breezeforo. But Lily Samson is so tiresome!

MRS. VANZYNE: Rather *bourgeoise*, is n't she?

MRS. SMITH (*knitting her brows*): What?

MRS. VANZYNE (*shrugging her shoulders*): I hardly know the English for that — rather suburban, provincial, countrified,— that sort of thing, you know. Excuse me, my dear, but she's not at all *your* sort! (*She suppresses a yawn.*)

MRS. SMITH (*very sweetly*): Poor Lily Samson came from South Breezeforo, across the river — like Brooklyn, you know! — (*Mrs. Vanzyne gives a little forced laugh, and rises.*) Must you go so soon?

MRS. VANZYNE: Yes, dear, I must! (*She goes towards the door, hesitates, and one sees that she is now saying what she came to say, with an elaborate air of carelessness.*) By the way, dear, why don't you come to Newport for the summer?

MRS. SMITH (*in surprise*): Newport!

MRS. VANZYNE: Yes, why not? — Just the place for you! Perhaps, — perhaps I could help make it pleasant for you.

MRS. SMITH: Oh, thank you, thank you! — I hardly think — (*She laughs nervously.*)

MRS. VANZYNE (*shrugging*): Who knows? — Well, if you

do decide for Newport let me know, wont you? — Promise! — Then let's say *au revoir*, — no, don't come to the door with me, it's not — I mean it's not necessary! (*She goes through door, at back, with an airy gesture of farewell.*)

MRS. SMITH (*at door, back*): *Au revoir*, — good bye — thank you — Jinjo! — the door — (*exit Mrs. Vanzyne*).

(*Jinjo is seen for an instant, through door. Mrs. Smith stands in doorway a moment, looking after Mrs. Vanzyne in puzzled thought. Then she moves restlessly about the room, pulling and pushing things in a nervous manner, showing excitement.*)

MRS. SMITH (*thinking aloud*): "Newport — why not?" — Does n't she know I'm not rich enough for that? — What was she driving at anyhow?

(*Re-enter Charles and Florence, back.*)

CHARLES (*hesitating*): Mrs. Smith — (*she takes no notice.*)

FLORENCE (*emphatically*): Mrs. Smith! — is the New York woman gone?

MRS. SMITH (*without looking at them*): Yes, yes, she's gone, — why did she come? — What did she want? — The social leader of Newport asking me to come — she had something up her sleeve! — (*they stare at her bewildered.*) (*Abruptly*) What's the matter with this room? — She was sniffing at it, I could see that! My pretty pink room! — And now it looks all wrong! — (*turning to Charles and Florence; they stare*) Don't stand there staring at me!

CHARLES (*timidly*): Mrs. Smith — (*Florence plucks his sleeve, stopping him.*)

(*Enter Mrs. Samson, hastily, with a flushed face.*)

MRS. SAMSON (*in a rage*): Eliza Smith, you told me to make it "no trumps" and play for a "grand slam," and I did, and we lost! — Lost the game and rubber — and that was the last rubber! It's all over — and it's all your fault!

MRS. SMITH (*herself again*): Really, Lily, you must have played it badly. Did you take all the chances?

MRS. SAMSON: Yes — all but the queen, I could n't risk that.

MRS. SMITH: Ah! — I thought so! Dropped your nerve, poor Lily! — I'm afraid you *are* *bourgeoise*! (*Mrs. Samson is*

speechless.) Now I must distribute the prizes — will you help me, Miss Kenyon? (*Florence takes up the tray with parcels — Charles comes forward quickly but solemnly.*)

CHARLES: Permit me —

FLORENCE: Yes, you take them, that's right.

(*As Charles, bearing the trayful of prize packages, solemnly follows Mrs. Smith into the drawing-room, Florence's gurgling laugh rings out irrepressibly.*)

MRS. SAMSON (*recovering her speech*): She feels pretty fine, does n't she, with that Harvard man carrying her miserable prizes! Eliza has had a swelled head ever since she married Sandy Smith, and I don't see why — he has n't got anything but money!

FLORENCE: *I think he has brains,—it takes brains to make money, as well as to win at Bridge, Mrs. Samson!*

MRS. SAMSON: In this house even the dependents are impertinent!

FLORENCE: In this house there *are* no dependents,—here all are independent, all are free!

MRS. SAMSON: *Very free!—(she swishes off through portieres, L. almost colliding with Charles, who re-enters.)*

CHARLES: That little woman seems much agitated.

FLORENCE. Oh, she'll be all right when she gets outside of three or four chocolate frappés!

CHARLES: My dear Miss Kenyon! — will she really do that?

FLORENCE: That's her manners and customs.

CHARLES: The ladies all seem greatly excited — just hear them — why do they shriek so? (*They are indeed shrieking. Then the noise suddenly diminishes, as if they had all gone further off.*)

FLORENCE: Ah, now they have adjourned to the dining-room, they'll be quiet for a while!

CHARLES: We can now continue our very interesting discussion —

FLORENCE: I want to know if you consider a secretary a *servant* — are n't you and I, for instance, just as good as anybody?

CHARLES: Equality seems to me a matter of individuality rather than of caste.

FLORENCE: Oh, I know what you mean by that, you mean that *you* are superior to me!

CHARLES: My dear Miss Kenyon, you will always be personal! You don't understand my attitude. Now, technically, Mr. Alexander Smith is the owner of this house —

FLORENCE: But Mrs Smith rules the ranch!

CHARLES: My *dear* Miss Kenyon!

FLORENCE: And if you are going to be sniffy —

(*Enter, back, Sandy Smith, timidly and cautiously. He is a little short man with a large head, a shrewd face and twinkling eyes. He looks around with exaggerated fear.*)

SANDY: Did anybody say Smithy? — Hush! — Is it safe for Smithy in here? Did anybody see the Bridge Club?

FLORENCE: Oh, Mr. Smith!

SANDY: Hello, Miss Florence. What's that? (*pointing to Charles.*)

FLORENCE (*laughing*): That's Mr. Charles Francis Fuller —

CHARLES: *Third.*

FLORENCE: Of Boston. And this, Mr. Fuller, is Alexander the First —

SANDY: Called Sandy! — How are you, sir? (*grasping Charles's hand.*) A swain of your's, Miss Florence?

FLORENCE (*holy*): No! This is Mrs. Smith's new secretary.

SANDY: Oh lord! — (*he drops on a chair.*)

CHARLES: My trip to Michigan, Mr. Smith, is sufficiently motivated by my letters to the Transcript; but I seem to have arrived here at the psychologic moment —

SANDY (*to Florence*): Say, is he talking English?

FLORENCE: No, Bostonese!

CHARLES (*haughtily*): In short, I have the honor to be Mrs. Smith's Private Secretary, — for the moment.

SANDY: All right, my boy, I guess she can have as many secretaries as she wants! Make yourself at home. I say, Miss Florence, is the Bridge Club gone?

FLORENCE: Oh dear no, but they are all in the dining-room now, — you are fairly safe here, Mr. Smith.

SANDY: But I want to see my old girl — got something kind of important to tell her.

FLORENCE: Then I'll go and get her for you — (*going towards door, L.*).

SANDY (*following her to door*): Say, — have we got to live up to *him*? (*Florence's laugh rings out as she exits.*) Fine girl that, Mr. Fuller, eh?

CHARLES: Yes, she seems to me to have possibilities.

SANDY (*chuckling*): She does, eh? — How about the probabilities?

CHARLES: I don't quite grasp —

SANDY: Don't, eh? — Well, young man, what's Mrs. S. going to give you?

CHARLES: Give me?

SANDY: Yes, how much *per*?

CHARLES (*embarrassed*): Oh, the salary! — Really, we did n't touch on that at all, — it's of no consequence, I assure you.

SANDY: Oh, it ain't eh? — You certainly do *not* grasp! — Well, my boy, I like you all the better for it, — I live in a world of grasp and grab, myself, — do you know the four Gs? — Grasp, Grab, Graft and Grit! — And I might add Gumption.

CHARLES: And I would add Genius, Mr. Smith.

SANDY: Well, I guess that's the same thing as gumption. Between you and I —

CHARLES: *Me.*

SANDY: Eh?

CHARLES: I beg your pardon!

SANDY: Between you and I, young man, my wife is a genius. Gee whiz! But it's lucky for you she's free with the sheckles, — and can afford to be! (*Chuckles again. Charles looks at him with dreamy-eyed wonder.*)

(*Mrs. Smith enters with a frown. Florence comes to door at back, and beckons Charles off.*)

MRS. SMITH (*ungraciously*): Are n't you home very early to-day, Sandy?

SANDY: Yes, my dear, I am. Sorry to butt into your party, Eliza, but I've got some important news for you.

MRS. SMITH (*bored*): Oh, business news, I suppose! You must n't bother me, Sandy. I have such a full day. And who do you suppose has been here to call on me? *Mrs. J. J. Vanzyne*, of New York — but I don't suppose that will interest you! You would n't understand what it means to *me*.

SANDY (*chuckling*): Guess I know just what it does mean,— I had a little business transaction with J. J. himself to-day!

MRS. SMITH (*astonished*): What! — Then his Breezeboro business was with *you*?

SANDY: Sure!

MRS. SMITH: And she knew it of course! That accounts for her mysterious smile, and probably for her visit. But — (*she turns away, in thought.*)

SANDY (*eager to tell his news*): Never mind *Mrs. J. J.* — I've put through a big deal to-day,— the railroads, you know and the mines,—

MRS. SMITH (*pre-occupied*): Yes, yes, Sandy, don't bother me about railroads!

SANDY (*apologetic*): Excuse me, Eliza, very sorry to bother you, but I kind of thought I ought to inform you that to-day's work makes me one of *the* rich men of the country! One of the richest! Sorry to bother you! — (*Chuckles.*)

MRS. SMITH (*gasping*): Sandy, Do you mean it?

SANDY: Guess I do!

MRS. SMITH: A millionaire?

SANDY: *Multi*!

MRS. SMITH (*with a cry of joy*): *Newport! Why not!* (*Drops into a chair and holds her clenched hand against her head, a characteristic gesture of hers.*)

SANDY (*coming to her*): News too much for you, old girl?

MRS. SMITH (*almost hysterical*): No, no,— be quiet, Sandy, — I'm thinking *golden* thoughts!

SANDY (*chuckling*): And a little bit of *copper*, Eliza!

MRS. SMITH (*with flashing eyes*): Sandy, I'll tell you what I must do,— I must go East, and conquer!

SANDY (*disappointed*): East? — Not Chicago?

MRS. SMITH (*springing up*): No, *Newport*, New York — *Mrs. Vanzyne*!

SANDY (*rubbing his head*): Hell's fire! — Well, I guess we can afford it, Eliza. I guess my money can get you whatever you want.

MRS. SMITH: Sandy, don't be *bourgeoise*!

SANDY: Eh, what?

MRS. SMITH: Don't be vulgar! — Money can't do everything, woman's wits can do more, — *with* money.

SANDY: Can eh? — Well, perhaps you're right, old girl, —

MRS. SMITH (*impatiently*): Don't talk! — (*She suddenly looks at Sandy with critical eyes*). Sandy, you don't care for society, —

SANDY (*meekly*): No, Eliza, I ain't a shining light socially, I have n't got your *savore faire*.

MRS. SMITH (*quickly*): That's it, — and it bores you as much as your business bores me. Now then, Sandy, I want you to promise to keep yourself in the back-ground, — or in Breezeboro — during my campaign, — you attend to the business end, while I do the — the *climbing*. (*She brings the word out defiantly*.) Is it agreed?

SANDY (*rubbing his head*): I guess it is, if you want it, old girl. I'll give you your head, — but *keep* your head, Eliza! (*She gives him a scornful glance*.) There's another little thing to bother you with, — got something for you in my vest pocket, — (*he pulls out a jeweler's box*) kind of a *momento* of this eventful day — talk about sparklets! (*Produces a diamond necklace, very brilliant. Mrs. Smith does not scorn the necklace, she takes it eagerly and puts it on with an air*.)

MRS. SMITH: Diamonds! — Beauties! — Thank you, Sandy —

(*Florence and Charles enter, at back*.)

FLORENCE: Mrs. Smith —

MRS. SMITH: Miss Kenyon, from now on I am Mrs. *Alexander-Smith*, with a hyphen! Don't forget. (*She stands centre, her eyes shining as brightly as the diamonds*.)

(*Mrs. Samson runs in once more*.)

MRS. SAMSON: Oh, Eliza, the Club is leaving now, — they want to say good-bye.

(*Loud hubbub of voices approaches the door at L, Sandy hides*

behind Florence, in comic fright. She is laughing, Charles bewildered.)

MRS. SMITH (*gaily*): Lily, I hope you see *my* little diamonds! A new trinket Mr. Smith has just given me,— is n't it pretty?

SANDY (*in the corner*): *Trinket!* — *Little diamonds!*

MRS. SAMSON (*completely dazzled*): Oh! — Eliza! — (*speechless*).

MRS. SMITH (*significantly*): Yes, indeed, now I must say *good-bye!*

VOICES OF LADIES (*through the portieres*): Good-bye, Mrs. Smith!

MRS. SMITH (*repeats it to herself, laughing*): Yes, good-bye, *Mrs. Smith!*— Good-bye, Breezeboro! (*Then she sweeps magnificently through the portieres, L. to a loud chorus of "Good-bye, Mrs. Smith!"*)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

NEWPORT.

The scene represents the interior of Mrs. Smith's (now "Mrs. Alexander's") palatial villa at Newport, on a morning of late summer. A spacious drawing-room, or "morning-room," open, loggialike, at back, showing marble terrace, many flowers, and sea-view beyond. The room is in white and gold,—much gold—with many mirrors, rich hangings of green velvet, furniture in gilt and pale-green brocade; tall electric lamps (marble statues) orange trees, tall vases of American-Beauty roses. A very large, gilded arm-chair beside a table near stage-centre. Conspicuous on one wall, a large portrait of "Mrs. Alexander," which does not resemble her in the least. In the portrait, an evening wrap lined with ermine falls back, like a royal robe, over the chair in which she sits, and in one hand she holds a long American Beauty rose, like a sceptre. A jeweled tiara is on her head, a King Charles spaniel on her knee.

Everything seems to glitter,—the room itself and the blue sea beyond. Automobile horns are frequently heard outside. Footmen in gorgeous livery come and go, with vases of roses, etc.

Enter Florence Kenyon, R., wearing a cool and simple white-linen dress. She has a little sprig of golden-rod in her hand, and also a book. Her face is fresh, her step is brisk.

FLORENCE (to footman who is placing a vase of roses): Is Mrs. Alexander up yet?

FOOTMAN (scorning Florence): Don't know, miss. (he goes out, gorgeously.)

(Florence presses a bell-button in wall. A French maid enters, L.)

FLORENCE: Berthe, is Mrs Alexander up yet?

FRENCH MAID: Madame has raised herself up, yes, but her toilette is not yet finished. Mam'selle desires? (Her manner is pert.)

FLORENCE: Mamselle desires Madame, as soon as she can get her. I suppose she'll come to this room? — I'll wait here.

FRENCH MAID: Madame will come — if it pleases her! —
(*goes out shrugging. Exit Maid. Florence imitates her shrug, and laughs a gurgling laugh.*)

(*Enter Charles Fuller, R. with his hands full of papers. In his gray summer suit he is only a shade less solemn than in Act I. His face is anxious.*)

FLORENCE: Hello! — Busy?

CHARLES: Good morning, Miss Kenyon. Is Mrs. Smith up yet?

FLORENCE (*correcting him*): Mrs. Alexander! She'll be down soon. (*He glances at clock which says eleven, and sighs. Places his papers on table, and makes some notes. Florence sits on arm of big chair, idly swinging her foot.*) Charles Francis, in that higher atmosphere where you dwell apart, is it cooler than it is down here on earth?

CHARLES (*sitting down by table, centre*): I'm quite cool, thank you.

FLORENCE: My comrade, you are cold! (*He attends to his papers, silently.*) Busy boy, I hate to see you working so hard on an August morning!

CHARLES (*haughtily*): Naturally I must attend to my duties.

FLORENCE (*untroubled by his snub, laughing*): Look—I've been for an early walk and see what I found,—the first golden-rod!—Now could any flower be more appropriate to Newport than the golden-rod?—But it's a wild-flower, bless its heart! (*She kisses the sprig of golden-rod, and makes a face at the American Beauty roses. Charles, watching her, forgets his papers.*)

CHARLES: I see you have your Kipling with you, as usual,—“Ballad of East and West,” I fancy?

FLORENCE (*opening her book, quickly*): No sir!—I was reading the poem called “An American,”—there's a strong thing, and in connection with this Newport business—good gracious!—You think it coarse, of course, but it is n't, really—

CHARLES: I don't quite remember it—

FLORENCE: Well then, listen—you know, it's supposed to be the American Spirit saying all this — (*reads.*)

"Calm-eyed he scoffs at sword and crown.

Blatant he bids the world bow down —"

and so on — Oh, now listen —

"But through the shift of mood and mood

Mine ancient humor saves him whole,

The cynic devil in his blood

That bids him mock his hurrying soul"

etcetera —

"That chuckles through his deepest ire" —

that's me!

CHARLES: *I!*

FLORENCE: Here's *you*,—"He greets the embarrassed gods, nor fears"—etcetera—Now wait a moment,—*here*—

"Lo, imperturbable he rules,

Unkempt, disreputable, vast,

And in the teeth of all the schools

I — I shall save him at the last!" —

There! — that's the American Spirit, and I think *that* means the Sense of Humor! —

CHARLES: I rather fancy it means something deeper and more subtle than that.

FLORENCE: It can't mean anything more subtle than that! — And in the teeth of everything, *that* shall save him at the last — yes, and *her*! (*She walks about the room.*)

CHARLES: Her? — Mrs. Alexander? — You think —

FLORENCE (*laughing*): That she'll be saved? Yes, at the last! In spite of all her nonsense!

CHARLES (*anxiously*): How about the talk of — a — divorce? (*He hates to say it.*)

FLORENCE: All talk, and nothing doing! — Don't worry about that.

CHARLES: But how very —

FLORENCE: Vulgar? — Yes, but that's Newport!

CHARLES: And about — Prince Sarski?

FLORENCE: All bosh! — Newport, again. She'll stick

to Sandy all right,—and I won't have you sniffing at Mrs. Alexander!

CHARLES: You laugh at her yourself.

FLORENCE: Yes, and I laugh at you, Mr. Sniffy! You are both ridiculous. (*Working herself up to a state of excitement.*) Oh I know why you stay on this job,—it's for our good! You hope to improve us both with your superiority — ha ha! You don't believe what the American Spirit says there, you with your Earnest Purpose and your analytic mind working over-time!— You sit there, with your thoughts flowing on like the Charles River,— not very swift, not very broad, but *deep*, oh very deep!— but I'm on to your latest little theory — I see through your deep-laid plot!

CHARLES: *Plot?* Really, Miss Kenyon —

FLORENCE: Yes, really! (*Pointing her finger at him.*) Don't you think you are going to save Mrs. Alexander? Your good influence,— the *New England* influence!

CHARLES (*with some spirit*): Well, yes, Miss Florence, I do quite think so.

FLORENCE: I knew it! — You're going to woo her away from the crudities of the West and the frivolities of Newport, and lead her gently on to higher things,— yes? — (*Charles bows solemnly*) We'll see! — Perhaps between us both,— well, there she is between us both, East and West, and we'll see! But I tell you, Mr. Soberside, that one laugh would be worth more than was ever dreamt of in your Puritan philosophy! (*She is out of breath. Charles is trying to phrase a reply, when a Gorgeous Footman enters.*)

FOOTMAN—: The 'ead chauffeur wants to know about horders.

FLORENCE (*airily*): Tell him that Mr. Fuller won't require any *haulomobiles* this morning. He prefers *Hair-ships*.

CHARLES (*reproachfully*): Miss Kenyon, please — There are no orders as yet, Jason. (*Exit the Gorgeous one.*) Florence, how can you be so — so —

FLORENCE: So bright? — That was very funny, Charles, you should have laughed! But I do wish Mrs. Alexander would show up — I want to tell her about the Woman Suffrage League's appeal —

CHARLES (*with a forced laugh*): Ha ha! —

FLORENCE: That is n't funny — please don't laugh in the wrong place! If there's anything serious,—it's the Suffrage League.

CHARLES: My dear girl! — and I had something really important to talk to her about.

FLORENCE: "Really important!" — Some of your darned old Causes!

CHARLES (*shocked*): Oh Miss Kenyon! —

(*Enters "Mrs. Alexander" L. She is less brisk and beaming than the Mrs. Smith of Act I, but even more commanding. Lines of care are on her brow, and the arrogance of wealth is seen there too, but the good humor is not all gone from her smile. She wears a morning gown of real lace, with a chain and other ornaments of pink topaz.*)

Good Morning, Mrs. Sm — Alexander.

MRS. ALEXANDER: Are you two quarreling so early in the day? And such a warm day! (*She yawns, and comes down centre, sits in the big chair, which has rather the appearance of a throne. Charles stands on one side of her and Florence on the other, like East and West.*)

CHARLES & FLORENCE (*together*): Mrs. Alexander —

MRS. ALEXANDER (*not heeding them*): Is everything going well for my dinner to-night? The dinner of the season! (*The secretaries exchange guilty looks.*) My dear boy, what are all those papers? Are you doing Miss Kenyon's work and your own, as usual? (*To Florence playfully*) Naughty girl!

FLORENCE (*quickly*): Mrs. Alexander —

CHARLES (*firmly*): Mrs. Alexander —

MRS. ALEXANDER: One at a time, please.

FLORENCE: Are n't you still interested in the Woman Suffrage League of Michigan? — There's an appeal from them to-day. I do hope — (*Mrs. Alexander stifles another yawn.*)

CHARLES (*earnestly*): Mrs. Alexander, I beg your attention for the Ethics of Art Committee — they would like to have their next meeting at this house. Paul Vivien is going to talk on "Greek Columns as Supports of the Soul." (*Mrs. Alexander nods carelessly.*)

FLORENCE (*on the other side*): Mrs. Alexander is *his* sole support!

CHARLES (*more earnestly*): And will you perhaps subscribe to the Anti-Moving-Picture Society? — Or the Newport Nervine, or the Hawthorne Home for Unmarried Sisters, or —

FLORENCE: Or the Society for the Prevention of Serious Secretaries!

CHARLES: Miss Kenyon! — And really Mrs. Alexander, I hope you'll consider the new Educational League —

FLORENCE: To teach the children of the Rich how to dig in the sand!

MRS. ALEXANDER (*turning from East to West, bored and bewildered*): Do be quiet, Florence. I daresay I can give something to them all — but why bother about it now? — Is there any message from Prince Sarski?

FLORENCE (*quickly*): No, nothing. (*Charles looks worried.*) There was a letter from Breezeboro — (*Mrs. A. ignores this. Enter Footman with a piece of paper in his hand.*)

FOOTMAN (*advancing to Mrs. Alexander*): Madam, the chef has sent up the meenoo for the dinner to-night — (*the menu is on pink paper.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER (*taking it eagerly*): Ah! — Let me see — (*Looks it over while Charles and Florence shrug their shoulders.*) Hum — yes — that's right — no, we must have another entree there, — let me see — I'll add humming-birds' eggs cooked in claret — (*She writes on the menu with her jeweled pencil.*)

CHARLES: Pardon me, but how can we get humming-birds' eggs at this season of the year?

MRS. ALEXANDER: Mr. Fuller, this is not a class in Natural History. The chef must attend to that! — And (*writing again*) I want fresh strawberries —

FOOTMAN: Strawberries in *Haugust*, madam?

MRS. ALEXANDER (*superbly*): I wish them! — You may go — leave the menu here, I'll think it over carefully. (*Footman going.*) Wait — have they got the blue water-lilies yet?

FOOTMAN (*pausing*): Not yet, madam. And I 'ardly think—

MRS. ALEXANDER: You need n't think! — Go and tell someone — everyone — that I *must* have them.

(*Exit Footman.*)

FLORENCE: I thought pink pond lilies were your favorites? Who ever heard of blue?

MRS. ALEXANDER: That's just it! — Pink ones are not so difficult to get. I must have blue pond lilies and Prince Sarski tonight!

CHARLES (*with a sad face*): To think of the excessive cost of this dinner,— and then of all the Hungry Ones! —

MRS. ALEXANDER (*with an uneasy gesture*): Don't preach!

CHARLES: Is it necessary to have *all* these wines?

FLORENCE: And to think of all the Thirsty Ones! (*Charles gives a faint and dreary laugh.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER: Necessary? — No! But I shall have them! I shall have a fountain of champagne in the centre of the table, if I want to, Charles Fuller,— It *is* necessary that my dinner should quite eclipse Mrs. Vanzynes! Now her ices were little bears, for Russia you know, but I'm going to have little Napoleons retreating from Moscow! Sherry has made them especially for me.

FLORENCE: How cute! — But supposing Mrs. Vanzyne won't let Prince Sarski come tonight? They say she's so jealous of you —

MRS. ALEXANDER (*gratified*): Do they indeed? — Well, he must come! (*Charles is trying to speak to her again.*)

(*Enter a Footman R.*)

FOOTMAN: The 'ead chauffeur wants to know —

FLORENCE: *Hoff* with his 'ead!

MRS. ALEXANDER: No no! — Tell him I'll try the newest machine before luncheon. And (*very sweetly*) ask him, Jason —

FOOTMAN: H'I am 'Igins, ma'am.

MRS. ALEXANDER (*sweetly*): Well, Higgins, ask Fitzgerald to *please* not blow his horn while he's waiting!

FOOTMAN: Very good, Ma'am.

(*Exit Footman.*)

FLORENCE: You are not afraid of Fitzgerald, surely?

MRS. ALEXANDER: No — no — but he makes me nervous! (*Charles again tries to show her his papers. Enter Jason with a huge florist's box.*) Oh Jason, are those the blue lilies?

JASON: No, madam, honly horchids.

MRS. ALEXANDER (*carelessly*): Well you may fill the drawing-room fire-place with those.

(*Exit Jason with box.*)

FLORENCE: Oh! — The garden for mine! — I'll be out there if you want me, Mrs. Alexander — (*going, looking back from open loggia.*) Mrs. Alexander, you are still for the Suffrage League?

MRS. ALEXANDER: Certainly. Women will soon rule this country in public as well as in private.

FLORENCE: Aha! — Now's your chance, Sniffy!

(*Exit, back, by way of terrace. She has left her book on table.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER (*bored*): Now, young man, if you are going to lecture me —

CHARLES (*beginning*): My dear Mrs. Alexander —

MRS. ALEXANDER: Oh I know all about it — I'm worldly, extravagant, frivolous, — all that sort of thing!

CHARLES (*sadly*): I should n't care, if all that sort of thing brought you real joy. (*She gives him a dark look at the word joy.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER (*nervously*): If you won't worry me about my Russian Prince and my dinner, I'll subscribe to your old Tuberculosis Fund — how's that?

CHARLES (*still trying to improve the occasion*): Thank you, but —

MRS. ALEXANDER (*briskly*): I'll subscribe to *all* your old causes — there!

CHARLES: Thank you so much, you are always generous, but I want you to *feel* an interest in these higher things.

MRS. ALEXANDER: Mr. Fuller, with your *feelings*, I wonder that you can stay in Newport at all!

CHARLES (*very earnest*): You don't quite understand my attitude. I regard Newport as an opportunity. Some workers must go to the wilderness, but I feel that the proper study of mankind is Man —

MRS. ALEXANDER (*exasperated*): Charles Fuller, the proper study of mankind is *Woman*! Go along to the gardens and find Florence — (*he gathers up his papers rather embarrassed*). Here, take this everlasting Kipling book out to her as an excuse.

(The book opens in his hand and he finds the sprig of golden-rod which she has left in it. He puts the flower in his breast-pocket, with a sheepish glance at Mrs. Alexander. Then he goes to the open doors at the back.)

CHARLES (*pausing for one more earnest word*): You will just look over the reports I have left there, Mrs. Alexander?

MRS. ALEXANDER (*absently*): Yes, yes.

(Exit Charles, by way of the terrace. Mrs. Alexander glances at the papers he has left, and pushes them aside. Picks up the menu, and throws it down again on table. Her face is clouded, her fingers play nervously with her chains.)

MRS. ALEXANDER: "If it brought real joy." Joy! — He gets on my nerves at times. *(A motor horn blows honk-o-honk.)* If that's Fitzgerald blowing his horn — *(she jumps up and goes to open back.)* No, that's Mrs. Vanzyne's car —

FOOTMAN (*enters R. and announces*): Prince Sarski —

MRS. ALEXANDER: Ah! — *(comes forward smiling.)*

FOOTMAN: And Mrs. Vanzyne.

MRS. ALEXANDER: Oh! — *(aside)* She won't let him out of her sight —

(Enter Mrs. Vanzyne, in gay summer toilet and Prince Sarski, a very dapper and smiling prince, with a pointed beard and a large camelia in his button-hole. His gloves and his teeth are frightfully shiny and a shiny medal, or order, hangs on his coat-lapel. His hat and stick are in his hand. He bows repeatedly.)

MRS. ALEXANDER: My dear Prince Sarski — Good morning, dear *(kissing Mrs. Vanzyne.)* How sweet of you both to give me a morning call.

PRINCE SARSKI: Madame, de pleasure is all, all mine.

MRS. VANZYNE *(more effusive than in Act I, but just as hard)* My dear, I overtook the prince on the road, and brought him along. He was *walking*.

SARSKI: Trotting quick-step to you, madame. *(Bowing again to Mrs. Alexander.)*

MRS. VANZYNE: Nonsense, you were going to the Casino — I brought you here. Is n't he a naughty prince to go running around in the heat, when he's not used to our climate? — But I try to take care of him! *(He throws her a kiss.)*

MRS. ALEXANDER (*moving a chair*): Sit here, Prince, where you will get the view and the breeze. (*Sarski sits for a moment only, then fidgets about the room, looking at everything.*) I rather think this is the coolest spot in Newport to-day, and the warmest welcome —

MRS. VANZYNE: Not quite so breezy as *Breezeboro*, my dear! (*Mrs. Alexander gives a forced, gay laugh, as if this was a great witicism.*) What change, dear, and all in a few months!— Yet I suppose you feel *almost* as if you had always been in Newport? (*These thrusts are lost on the smiling prince, who is looking about.*)

SARSKI: Charming view, charming. Ah, de American Beauty roses — so appropriate.— (*Kisses his hand to Mrs. Alexander.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER: I permit no other flowers in this room.

SARSKI: You permit no odder? — Alas, I bring my little camelia in here — so, he goes! — (*Pulls the flower from his button-hole and throws it away through open loggia.*) And I him wear — (*breaking an American Beauty rose from its long stem and sticking it in button-hole while his teeth gleam.*)

MRS. VANZYNE (*impatiently*): Dear Sarski, that looks ridiculous! — (*He only laughs and looks in a mirror.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER: You could *never* look ridiculous, Prince. (*He is prancing about the room.*)

MRS. VANZYNE: My dear, we came in just to tell you that we can't —

SARSKI (*stopping in front of Mrs. Alexander's portrait*): Ah behold — *is it?* — yes, it is she, — *Monna Lisa!* — (*kissing his hand to the picture.*)

MRS. VANZYNE: I don't wonder you were not sure of it! — It does n't look a *bit* like Mrs. Sm' — Alexander, does it? But it's a beautiful thing — Chartran is so clever. And it was a rush order, too, was n't it, dear?

MRS. ALEXANDER: He did it in the few weeks I was in Paris, last spring, — of course it flatters me, but he *would* paint me as he saw me, — so he said.

SARSKI: It does not do justice, dear madame. — But de rose held in de hand, like a sceptre, — so charming idea. *Queen Elizabeth!* — (*Bows to the picture and to her.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER: Ah, thank you, Prince.

MRS. VANZYNE (*in a sharp whisper*): You don't need to call him *Prince* every minute, dear,—just call him Monsieur Sarski.

MRS. ALEXANDER: Thank you, dear, I rather think I can call him what I please.

MRS. VANZYNE (*aloud*): I'm so sorry, dear, that we can't come to your dinner this evening,—we came to make our excuses—but you would have it on *my* evening. "J. J." is bringing out some friends to play Baccarat with the Prince, don't you know?

MRS. ALEXANDER (*firmly*): But it was quite understood that the Prince would come to *me* for this evening—and I have a little surprise for him.

MRS. VANZYNE (*in a sharp whisper, as before*): My dear woman, poor Sarski is simply overdone with dinners, don't you understand? Do let him off.

(*While they are talking together, Sarski has picked up the dinner menu from table and read it with glistening eyes and teeth. Mrs. Alexander is turned away from him.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER (*in a fierce whisper*): I can't—it's too late, you have no monopoly—

MRS. VANZYNE (*same business*): Yes, he belongs to *me* for this week—(*calling out gaily to Prince*) My dear Sarski, I'm trying to explain to Mrs. Alexander that we can't possibly come to dinner to-night—

MRS. ALEXANDER (*more gaily*): And I'm saying that I can't get on without you! You must n't disappoint me, Prince.

MRS. VANZYNE: I can't spare him to-night—come, Prince, we must be going—(*she crosses to R. of Prince.*)

SARSKI (*standing centre, between the two women, very smiling*): Pardon,—I dine *here* to-night! (*He has hastily thrust the menu in his pocket.*) (*Mrs. Vanzyne flushes with anger, Mrs. Alexander smiles triumphantly.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER (*drawing near to Sarski on L.*): Of course, Prince!—I promise you won't be bored.

MRS. VANZYNE (*same business R.*): But my Baccarat party, Monsieur! You are *my* guest, don't forget—(*she is losing her temper.*)

(*Sarski smiles at both ladies in turn, but remains side of Mrs. Alexander as Mrs. Vanzyne turns to go.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER: Why not be *my* guest now? — (*playfully*) If Mrs. Vantyne turns her back on you thus, let me send for your things and keep you here and protect you!

SARSKI: Ah, thanks, madame! So charming! — Dear Madame Vanzyne, — (*following her a few steps*).

MRS. VANZYNE (*looking back furious*): Oh pray don't trouble to come with me, Monsieur Sarski! — I can send your luggage to you here with pleasure! But Mrs. Alexander Smith, this is extraordinary ingratitude, after all I've done for you!

MRS. ALEXANDER (*feigned surprise*): You have done for me, dear? /

MRS. VANZYNE: Oh, I have n't been your *paid coach*, like Mrs. Vivien, but as your friend I *placed* you in Newport, — and now!

MRS. ALEXANDER (*still smiling sweetly, following her to door R.*) And now I take the Prince away from you, and so take away *your* place as leader in Newport! Too bad! But he chose. Do try to be a better sport, dear!

MRS. VANTYNE: I shall never forget!

(*Exit Mrs. Vantyne in a rage, R.*)

SARSKI (*calling after her*): Au revoir, dear madame! (*But she is gone.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER (*flushed with victory*): My dear Prince, this is a great compliment to me! I'm charmed to have you, — but I'm sorry she made such a row about it, — so unpleasant for you!

SARSKI (*shrugging*): Not at all! — A jealous woman — I am used to dat. But it is a little awkward, yes, because I lost at de cards, — I owe her much money, and — (*his shrug and gesture express no money.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER (*with meaning*): Don't let *that* worry you at all!

SARSKI (*kissing her hand*): Ah! Monna Lisa!

MRS. ALEXANDER (*laughing gaily*): Of course we know that she will talk scandal about us, — she'll take away my reputation if she can! (*She seems to enjoy the idea.*)

SARSKI: I will defend your honor — I will shoot somebody!

MRS. ALEXANDER: I wish you would shoot Fitzgerald — my chauffeur! — (*an auto horn is blowing repeatedly outside.*) He's the only man in the world I'm afraid of — (*she presses a button.*)

SARSKI: You fear not your husband, no? (*she laughs.*) You divorce him, yes? — I will perhaps marry you!

MRS. ALEXANDER (*surprised*): Marry me? (*Enter a footman.*) Tell Fitzgerald not to blow that horn! I shall come out presently.

(*Exit footman.*)

SARSKI: Or, you marry me!

MRS. ALEXANDER (*thinking aloud*): Princess!

SARSKI: My queen!

MRS. ALEXANDER (*briskly*): We'll see! — Meanwhile I have a new car to try out — will you take a spin about Newport with me?

SARSKI: Anywhere with you, Monna Lisa! (*Kisses both her hands.*)

(*Enter Sandy Smith back, from the terrace.*)

SANDY SMITH (*taking his hat off*): Hello, Elisa!

MRS. ALEXANDER: Sandy — Mr. Smith! — Where did you come from? (*Her smile of triumph changes to a frown of annoyance. The prince on seeing Sandy starts hastily toward the door, R, then stops and stands nervously by a chair. His smile does not fail.*)

SANDY (*eyeing them both shrewdly*): Thought I'd give you a surprise, Eliza. Guess I did eh?

MRS. ALEXANDER: You did. Monsieur, this is my man of business from the West, — Mr. Smith, let me present you to Prince Sarski, of Russia. (*Sarski bows gracefully, but continues to eye Sandy anxiously.*)

SANDY (*bowing with exaggeration*): How-de-do-sky Mr. Roosky? Won't you take a chairovitch?

MRS. ALEXANDER (*horrified*): Sandy! — Mr. Smith! I'm ashamed of you! — (*close to him.*)

SARSKI (*with forced laughter*): Ha ha ha! — (*He sits nervously on edge of chair. Sandy is chuckling.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER (*trying to control her temper*): I'm glad you find Mr. Smith so witty, Princè!

SARSKI: Ah yes, so funny, so American!

MRS. ALEXANDER: I find him very rude and intrusive.

SANDY (*imperturbably*): Well, I guess perhaps your "man of business" may be useful about now. (*He sits, but Mrs. Alexander remains standing, as if waiting for him to go.*)

SARSKI (*rising, gaily*): If you are going to talk about de money-matters, perhaps Madame will permit her poor Prince to smoke on de terrace? (*Goes toward open loggia, back. Sandy watches him.*)

SANDY: Money don't interest you, Prince? Don't eh?

SARSKI (*smiling, lighting a cigarette, at back*): You permit, Monna Lisa?

SANDY (*quickly*): What's that he calls you?—What's that you call her sir?

SARSKI: Monna Lisa — a little pet name!

MRS. ALEXANDER (*quickly*): The Prince is playful!

SANDY: So he's funny too, eh? Well, I guess you better stay right here, sir, guess you and I had better get acquainted. (*Sarski throws away his cigarette with a nervous jerk, and comes down a few steps.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER (*uneasy*): Mr. Smith, Prince Sarski and I are just going to try my new motor car — please don't detain us now,—I'll talk with you later.

SANDY (*not heeding her*): I think we've met before, sir,—in Paree, eh?

SARSKI: I have not de honor to remember it, I sir. I tink you make a mistake.

SANDY: I *tink not*,—and I guess you've got on to the idea that I'm this lady's husband? (*Sarski has a moment of panic.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER (*whispering to Sandy*): Can't you keep quiet, Sandy? You don't understand —

SARSKI (*recovering himself quickly*): So! — Her husband from whom she gets de divorce! (*Sandy turns pale and gasps, looking at Eliza for explanation. She looks defiant. A moment's pause.*)

SANDY (*choking*): What — what?

MRS. ALEXANDER: Don't make a scene, Sandy!

SANDY (*very quietly*): On second thoughts, sir, I guess you need n't wait. I guess you better get right along out of this — make yourself *scarce-ky!*

SARSKI (*feebly*): Ha ha!

MRS. ALEXANDER (*enraged*): Sandy! — You shall not insult my guest — my Prince!

SANDY (*bursting*): Prince nothing! He's no more a prince than I am,— and I guess I ain't exactly one!

MRS. ALEXANDER (*gasping in her turn*): Sandy — how dare you?

SARSKI (*plucking up courage for one last moment*): Monsieur — how dare you?

MRS. ALEXANDER: What do you mean?

SARSKI: For whom do you take me, Monsieur?

SANDY: I take you for an imposter, an adventurer, a fakir, a gambler, a blackmailer and a damn sneaking — (*he stops at a wild gesture from Eliza,— she drops into a chair, holding her head. Sarski hides behind an orange-tree.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER (*overcome with horror*): Oh! You must be mistaken, Sandy!

SANDY: No, Eliza, *I ain't*,— you know I never make mistakes about men, and I tell you I've encountered that jackanape in Paris,— his fancy beard almost fooled me at first, but I thought I remembered his grin, and when he threw his cigaroot away I was dead sure of him. Oh I know him, off or on! He was thrown out of the Roosian army — what his real name is Beelzebub only knows! But good lord, Eliza, don't your swell friends know that *Prince Sarski* died in Siberia? —

MRS. ALEXANDER (*shakes her head, then speaks with effort*): Mrs. Vivien introduced him here — you remember, I met her in Paris. She knows *everybody everywhere* — oh it seems impossible!

SANDY: All women are gulls, when it comes to titles. But perhaps she *does* know him! (*A faint laugh comes from behind the orange-tree.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER: Where *is* the villain?

SANDY: He took to the woods!

SARSKI (*stepping out and leaning against a statue, with bravado*): Madame, I am here among de gods!

MRS. ALEXANDER: Idiot! — (*She is still sunk in her chair.*)

SANDY: How long has he been in this house?

MRS. ALEXANDER: He had just come, Oh! I had just got him away from Mrs. Vantyne! — oh! — (*begins to weep.*)

SANDY (*fiercely*): Eliza, you don't mean to say that you care for that grinning gazabo?

MRS. ALEXANDER (*sobbing*): Care for him — no! But oh the disgrace, the disgrace!

SANDY: You pity him? You pity that — that —

MRS. ALEXANDER: No-o! Pity *me* — the disgrace is to *me*! Oh! Sandy, why did you come just now, in my moment of triumph? Why did you ever come at all? It's all your fault!

SANDY: *My* fault? — Well, by the Jumping Jehoshaphat!

MRS. ALEXANDER: Mrs. Vantyne will make me the laughing stock of Newport — what a revenge for her! — And if it's known here that you are my husband, my reputation will be lost!

SANDY (*gasping*): What — what?

SARSKI: Madame, I will defend your honor!

SANDY (*turning on him*): Shut up! — Your little Newport game is all up now, and you can step right along! I think my wife's gone off her head — but that's my affair, Now *get*!

SARSKI (*seizing his hat and going*): Adieu!

MRS. ALEXANDER (*in a ringing voice, springing up*): Stop! wait! (*At her tone Sarski pauses, and Sandy looks at her in surprise. She gathers herself together suddenly, and speaks with more and more force.*) Listen, both of you, — I won't have *my* little Newport game spoilt! Sandy, you don't know what this means to me —

SANDY: I don't know what it all means about your reputation, and — divorce! —

MRS. ALEXANDER: I say that my reputation will be lost if it's known that you are my husband, and in this house, because I'm supposed to be getting a divorce from you, — don't look so frightened, Sandy, you donkey! (*He does look frightened.*) It's only pretense, make-believe, — I wanted to be in the fashion! — I'm not really getting a divorce any more than I'm really having a love-affair with that wretch, Sarski —

SARSKI (*looking at a statue in mock grief*): Cupid have pity!

MRS. ALEXANDER: Ass! — Now listen,— Sarski *must* be “Prince Sarski,” and you, Sandy Smith, must be my “Man of Business.” I will not have my triumph spoiled,— my great dinner *shall* come off tonight!

SANDY: But Eliza —

MRS. ALEXANDER: Don't *butt in!* — You promised to keep in the background,— well then go on keeping in the background, and let him go on playing his part, just as if nothing had happened,— do you see? I'll pay all his debts,— yes, I'll give you a salary, Sarski, to remain in my service for the season,— my puppet prince! — (*She looks scornfully at him, but he has regained his swagger during her speech and now takes out another cigarette, grinning, bowing.*) There'll be scandal talked about us, and I shall be utterly in the fashion! — Don't let it worry you, Sandy — (*looks scornfully at him.*) It will be just as true as his title. (*Passionately.*) Sandy,— you don't know what I've had to go through, to *arrive* in Newport,— and now I *have* arrived,— why, tomorrow I shall be the *leader*, unless you — tell! Oh, I could n't bear it! — Sandy, don't tell! — You may stay on a few days, as my business man. Let me play the game through the Newport season, then — we'll see! Do you agree? (*She looks at them both commandingly.*)

SARSKI (*airily*): I will keep your secret, if he will also keep mine!

MRS. ALEXANDER: Sandy?— (*poor Sandy looks bewildered.*)

SANDY (*rubbing his head*): Well, of all the hokey-pokey! — Well, if that's what you want, Eliza, I suppose — I guess —

MRS. ALEXANDER (*quickly*): Ah! — then it's all settled! (*Sits on her throne-chair again, and fans herself. Sarski lights his cigarette.*) Sarski, send somebody for your baggage, and keep yourself out of my sight till I want you. (*Sarski strolls toward the terrace.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER (*with long sigh of relief*): Now *where* is that dinner menu?

SARSKI (*returns with a skip and a grin*): Voila, madame! — (*Gives her the menu, from his pocket.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER: Why, how did you get it?

SARSKI (*chuckling*): It got me! (*He prances out to the terrace, and is seen smoking his cigarette there, at last.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER (*bewildered*): What? — Oh! — wretch! — Now if I can only get the blue water-lilies!

SANDY: Blue Beelzebubs! — (*He looks really worried.*)

(*Enter Florence by way of the terrace, back. She nods to Sarski as she passes him, he throws a kiss at her.*)

FLORENCE: Mrs. Alexander — why Mr. Smith! — is that you? How are you? I am glad to see you! (*Shakes hands warmly.*)

SANDY (*meekly*): Thank ye, Miss Florence, I'm glad somebody's glad! Newport has n't changed you, eh?

FLORENCE: Not a bit!

SANDY (*twinkling*): But Miss Florence, don't you know you ought to curtsy to a real live prince, when you pass him on the terrace?

FLORENCE (*laughing*): Oh bother! You are the same dear old Funny Man, Mr. Smith! — Come on out in the garden and talk about Breezaboro — (*Sandy cheers up.*) That is, unless Mrs. Smith — Mrs. Alexander?

MRS. ALEXANDER (*with impatient gesture*): Oh go, by all means! — Do leave me alone!

(*Exit Sandy, with Florence, back. As they pass Sarski on terrace they both bow low, and their merry laughter is heard off scene.*) (*Mrs. Alexander rises, stretches her arms as if in relief and relaxation, — then catches sight of Sarski on terrace and glares at him. He steps jauntily just out of sight. The motor-horn blows again loudly. Mrs. Alexander clenches her hands.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER (*calling out sharply, at Back*): Sarski — tell Fitzgerald not to blow that horn again! — Send him for your things — and tell him I'm not going out to-day — tell him I'm ill. (*She comes down again, and throws herself into a chair with utter abandon.*)

(*Enter Gorgeous Footman, R., with a card on a tray.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER (*wearily*): Oh Higgins — Jason — not more visitors?

FOOTMAN: Yes, madam, it's Mrs. Vivien, madam, and this hother lady — (*presenting card.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER (*reading card*): "Mrs. Adam Berkeley Hill"—oh! I forgot, Mrs. Vivien said she was going to bring a friend from Boston this morning—what a bore!—(*Footman coughs.*) Oh Higgins—

FOOTMAN (*sadly*): *Hi am Jason, madam!*

MRS. ALEXANDER (*irritably*): I don't care who you are, show them in here at once!

(*Exit Footman, very haughtily. Mrs. Alexander darts toward terrace and calls—she darts to mirror and dabs powder on her nose, from a tiny gold box on her chain. Enter Sarski, back.*)

SARSKI (*with a grin*): Does Madame need me now?

MRS. ALEXANDER (*throwing her words over her shoulder at him*): Yes, Mrs. Vivien is calling, with a Mrs. Hill from Boston,—some freak I suppose, but we may as well make an impression on her!—Take that rose out,—you look idiotic. (*He throws away the big rose from his button-hole.*) And now, play the game!

(*Footman holds back the portiere, R. Enter Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Vivien. The latter is a dark, vivacious woman, with sharp eyes and rather French gestures. She is dressed in an "artistic" manner. Mrs. Hill is—Mrs. Berkeley Hill. Dressed in dowdy black, with a little bonnet and stringy feather-boa, she yet has an air of distinction. She looks somebody. She is sixty, perhaps.*)

MRS. VIVIEN: Here I am!

MRS. ALEXANDER: Good morning, my dear,—this is so nice.

MRS. VIVIEN (*introducing*): Mrs. Hill—Mrs. Alexander.

MRS. ALEXANDER (*with smiling air of importance, but looking Mrs. Hill all over with curiosity*): Delighted to see Mrs. Hill, I'm sure.

MRS. HILL (*without delight*): How do you do?

MRS. VIVIEN (*to Sarski, who is bowing again and again*): Bonjour, monsieur! (*He kisses her hand.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER (*impressively*): Oh, Mrs. Hill, let me present my friend Prince Sarski, of Russia. (*Mrs. Vivien looks amused.*)

MRS. HILL (*carelessly nodding*): How de do, monsieur.

SARSKI (*bowing, as if to the Czarina*): Madame! (*Places a chair for her. All sit. Clearly no "impression" has been made on Mrs. Hill as yet.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER: I thought I would receive you *very informally*, in my morning-room! — (*Mrs. Hill gives a quizzical look at the gorgeous room, through her lorgnettes.*) It's cooler here, — the Prince was just saying it's the coolest spot in Newport, — do you get the breeze there, Mrs. Hill?

MRS. HILL: Thank you, I am quite cool. But I do think Newport a very warm place.

MRS. ALEXANDER: What! Our dear Newport?

MRS. VIVIEN (*gaily*): My dear, you don't know these Bostonians, — they find every place warm, except Nahant, but they themselves are always cool! (*Mrs. Alexander keeps making signs to Sarski to talk to Mrs. Hill, to "show off," make an impression.*)

SARSKI: Madame Hill should try Siberia!

MRS. HILL (*looking through her glass, in amusement*): You have been *there*, Monsieur?

MRS. ALEXANDER (*nervously*): Oh the Prince is quite a hero! — And he has promised to spend a week or two with me!

MRS. HILL (*still perfectly indifferent*): Yes? — (*Mrs. Vivien is much amused at this scene.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER (*condescendingly*): You are from Boston? — One of my secretaries is from Boston.

MRS. HILL (*with the first attention she has shown*): Yes, I know, — it's young Charles Fuller.

MRS. ALEXANDER: You know him?

MRS. HILL: But of course! — I came here at his re — that is to say, I should like to see him.

MRS. ALEXANDER (*astonished*): You wish to see *my* secretary?

MRS. HILL: My good woman, of course I want to see Charley Fuller! — (*Mrs. Alexander presses a button, R, with a haughty air. At same time she makes impatient gestures to Sarski, who engages Mrs. Hill in conversation though she is bored with him. Mrs. Vivien follows Mrs. Alexander to R.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER: Who is this woman?

MRS. VIVIEN: My dear creature, she is *Mrs. Adam Berkeley Hill* — there's only one! Only one in all the world!

MRS. ALEXANDER: But her clothes!

MRS. VIVIEN: She can wear anything she pleases, *do* anything she pleases. Money bores her, and she does n't often call on new people, so please appreciate this!

(*Enter Footman, R.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER (*to Footman*). Ask Mr. Fuller to come to me. Tell him Mrs. Adam Berkeley Hill is here. (*Exit Footman, R.*)

(*Mrs. Vivien crosses L. Mrs. Alexander looks at Mrs. Hill with new interest, and draws a chair close to her.*)

SARSKI (*to Mrs. Vivien*): And what is dat dear Paul doing now?

MRS. VIVIEN: Oh, my poor Paul is hard at work on a statue for Mrs. Alexander —

SARSKI: A statue of me, yes? — Ha ha!

MRS. VIVIEN: Yes, of you as "*Prince Fortunatus*"! — (*laughs merrily, Mrs. Alexander gives a forced laugh. Sarski grins. Mrs. Hill looks bored.*)

MRS. VIVIEN: By the way, have you admired the portrait of Mrs. Alexander? — Have you noticed it, Mrs. Hill? (*She leads Sarski to fire-place, L. where they stand, whispering and laughing together.*)

MRS. HILL (*looking at portrait through her glasses, smiling*): Mrs. Alexander? — It looks like Chartram!

MRS. ALEXANDER (*gushing*): How clever of you, dear Mrs. Hill!

MRS. HILL (*abruptly to Mrs. Alexander*): How long has he been with you?

MRS. ALEXANDER: Oh, he has just come today, — I'm having a little dinner for him tonight, just an informal affair, — I do hope *you'll* come with Mrs. Vivien? (*Mrs. Hill tries to speak, but Mrs. Alexander gushes on.*) Is n't he charming? — Of course he's only a *distant* relation of the Czar, but even so, blood will tell, don't you think?

MRS. HILL (*very drily*): I do. But I was not speaking of Prince Sarski, I was speaking of Charley Fuller.

MRS. ALEXANDER (*taken aback for a instant*): Oh! — (*rallying.*) Oh, the dear boy has been with me several months, — really I forget — but I think I may say I have done a good deal for him!

MRS. HILL (*giving her a quizzical look through her glasses*): Indeed! (*Mrs. Alexander moves uncomfortably in her chair, and calls to Mrs. Vivien — it is like a call for help.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER: Mrs. Vivien, my dear, I do hope you'll bring Mrs. Hill to my little dinner tonight. (*Mrs. Vivien crosses to her.*)

MRS. HILL: Thank you, but I hope you will excuse me,— I'm too old-fashioned for these Newport dinners! (*Mrs. Alexander looks appealingly at Mrs. Vivien, who shrugs.*)

(*Enter Charles Fuller, quickly from the terrace. He hurries forward. Mrs. Hill brightens instantly.*)

CHARLES: My dear Mrs. Hill! How do you do?

MRS. HILL (*holding out her hand*): Well, young Charles! — Here we are! (*Charles bows to Mrs. Vivien, but talks only to Mrs. Hill.*)

CHARLES (*softly, earnestly*): This is delightful! — You got my note? (*Mrs. Hill nods.*) It's so sweet of you to come — (*he glances toward Mrs. Alexander, but she is whispering to Sarski, up stage*) to help me in this matter. I do quite think I have done a good deal for her, but *you* can do more. She's really a very good sort, you know, but — my hope is — if we could draw her away from all this — to Boston! — (*He drops into the lowest murmur, and he and Mrs. Hill become absorbed in conversation together, though she looks amused. Sarski tries in vain to engage her attention on the other side,— she ignores him.*)

MRS. VIVIEN: How did you get him away from Mrs. Vanzyne?

MRS. ALEXANDER: Oh, that was easy, my dear!

MRS. VIVIEN: Well, chérie, don't forget that *I* introduced him to you.

MRS. ALEXANDER (*drily*): No, I won't! — Now can't you persuade Mrs. Hill to come to dinner tonight?

MRS. VIVIEN: Impossible, my dear!

MRS. ALEXANDER: It's going to be wonderful! — You know my dinner-table with a tank in it,— real water and a fountain? Yes, with water lilies, and overhead a great bell of Russian violets, and the room will be lighted with those tall Russian candle sticks,— a lot of them — and then after dinner,

while we are drinking Russian coffee on the terrace, such a surprise! — The great Russian singer, Lina Lowska, will sing Russian folk-songs!

MRS. VIVIEN: Charming! — Clever creature! — It will be great fun, I would n't miss it for anything, — but it would n't make the slightest impression on Mrs. Hill!

MRS. ALEXANDER (*looking troubled*): She's more interested in my secretary than in me — or the Prince!

MRS. VIVIEN: He's a Bostonian!

MRS. ALEXANDER: Perhaps she would stay to luncheon?

MRS. VIVIEN: Perhaps — for *his* sake. But don't *urge*.

MRS. ALEXANDER: Well, *you* suggest staying, will you?

MRS. VIVIEN: I'll do my best. By the way, dear, I had to get a new gown for your dinner, and I — I'm almost broken! — I've been — yes, as usual!

MRS. ALEXANDER: Losing at Bridge? Ah! You won't follow my advice and take all the chances!

MRS. VIVIEN: Oh you play in luck, — “grand slams” always! If only it is n't *grand smash* some day!

MRS. ALEXANDER: Nonsense! — Shall I let you have a thousand? Will that do?

MRS. VIVIEN: Oh thank you, dear! — That will quite do. (*She is radiant.*) Mrs. Hill, shall we stay to lunch with my good friend here? (*Coming close to Mrs. Hill.*) I think we may as well, if you don't mind!

MRS. ALEXANDER (*quickly*): Mr. Fuller will lunch with us also — all *very* informal! — I'll send you home in my new machine after lunch —

MRS. HILL (*smiling coldly*): Thank you, but you will not!

MRS. VIVIEN (*quickly*): Mrs. Hill never rides in automobiles!

MRS. ALEXANDER: Oh very well! — But meanwhile I do want you to see my garden, Mrs. Hill. I'm quite the old-fashioned *chatelaine*, you know, — I keep the keys of the house and the garden in my own hands!

MRS. VIVIEN: Golden keys, dear! (*to Mrs. Hill*) I want you to help choose the spot for Paul's new statue —

MRS. HILL: By all means let us go to the garden.

SARSKI: I will escort these ladies,— you come, *belle chatelaine*?

MRS. ALEXANDER (*hesitating*): I — I will join you in a moment —

SARSKI: Allons! — (*He follows Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Vivien out back, across terrace. Mrs. Alexander and Charles left alone on the scene a moment. She presses a bell-button, L.*)

CHARLES (*hesitating*): You wish me to lunch with you?

MRS. ALEXANDER (*abstractedly*): Yes, — yes. (*She looks after Mrs. Hill with a troubled face.*) Now what is it about that woman? — She wears that old rag of a feather boa as if it were an ermine mantle!

CHARLES (*gently*): I don't see anything the matter with her boa,— it's the same one she's always worn.

(*Exit Charles to garden. Enter French Maid, L.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER (*still absorbed in thought*): The same one — that's just it.

MAID: Madame desires?

MRS. ALEXANDER: Oh, Berthe!— Bring my garden-hat, and a veil and gloves — and a parasol. (*Exit Maid L.*)

(*Enter Sandy Smith, R, cautiously.*)

SANDY (*with twinkle in his eyes*): Well, Eliza, who have you roped in now?

MRS. ALEXANDER: Sandy, you can't lunch with me to-day, you can lunch with Florence or else go to the hotel.

SANDY: All right, Eliza —

(*Enter Berthe, L, with hat and other things.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER: Sh!— On the table, Berthe,— that will do.

BERTHE: Bien, madam.

(*Exit L, leaving things on table. Mrs. Alexander takes the hat, a very large lace affair trimmed with roses, and jabs a long hat-pin in and out of it.*)

SANDY: Who have you roped in now, Eliza?

MRS. ALEXANDER: Oh just a — a Boston woman — (*jabs— hat viciously.*)

SANDY: Good lord, 'Liza, what's the matter with your hat?

MRS. ALEXANDER: It looks so new! (*Sandy stares at her. She gives hat a shake, then puts it on.*) By the way, Sandy, can

you let me have a thousand right now?— It's for Mrs. Vivien, a "loan," but she'll never pay it back, you know!

SANDY: By the hokey-pokey!

MRS. ALEXANDER: Oh well, she's done me several favors, — she's been *coaching* me, so to speak,— of course I don't pay her a salary, but — some of your money goes her way, Mr. Smith!

SANDY: Does, eh? I guess I've got plenty in my vest pockets —

MRS. ALEXANDER: Sandy, don't be *bourgeois*!— Don't say *vest*, please say *waistcoat*. (*He hands her a roll of bills which she hastily conceals in her parasol as Footman enters, R, carrying a large valise with coat-of-arms all over it.*)

FOOTMAN: 'Is lordship's grip, madam.

MRS. ALEXANDER: Take it upstairs to the first guest-suite — (*Footman going — she points a scornful finger at the valise, speaking to Sandy.*) Behold his coat-of-arms! (*Sandy chuckles.*)

FOOTMAN (*at door R*): Madam, the *Chinee* wants to speak to you.

MRS. ALEXANDER: Jinjo?— well, what is it, Jinjo? *Jinjo (entering with basket, bowing.) (Holds up blue pond-lilies.)*

MRS. ALEXANDER (*delighted*): Really! You found them?

JINJO: Jinjo made them.

MRS. ALEXANDER: What? Artificial?

JINJO: No, honorable 'live lotus, all blue!

FOOTMAN: 'E took some blueing hof the laundry, madam!

JINJO: Make white lotus all blue!

MRS. ALEXANDER (*to Sandy*): These clever Japs!

JINJO: Those flower go to sleep at night.

MRS. ALEXANDER: *What?* You mean they will close at dinner? But they *must n't*, I won't allow them to! (*Jap bows respectfully.*)

JINJO: Jinjo has also more surprise — (*darts off R.*)

SANDY: Say, why don't you dress him up as the Mikado and let him sit opposite to Prince Sarski at dinner?

MRS. ALEXANDER: Oh do be quiet! (*Jinjo darts in again with a bunch of golden-rod and pine.*)

JINJO: See — go'den rods, pines,— New England!

FOOTMAN (*with utter contempt*): Wild flowers! — (*Exit R.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER (*with sudden inspiration*): Jinjo, you go and arrange the lunch-table with golden-rod and pine — take away the roses, and make it a New England table, you understand? All very simple. Tell them to serve a simpler lunch —

JINJO: Baked-beans?

MRS. ALEXANDER: No, no! The chef will know, run along — (*exit Jinjo.*)

SANDY: Well, old girl, you've got your blue pond lilies and your prince — guess you've got Newport! — Satisfied at last?

MRS. ALEXANDER (*pulling on her gloves*): No, I'm not.

SANDY: Hell's fires! — what more do you want? — Just name it and I'll buy it for you.

MRS. ALEXANDER: Sandy, don't always be talking about money. *Money bores me!* (*He stares.*) I want something that can't be bought.

SANDY: Case of *woman's wit*?

MRS. ALEXANDER (*going up towards terrace*): Yes!

SANDY: What do you want now?

MRS. ALEXANDER (*standing in open loggia with dramatic pause*): I want — *Beacon Hill!* (*Sandy rubs his head. Mrs. Alexander steps out on terrace, opens her sunshade, and the forgotten bank-notes flutter down all round her.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

"BEACON HILL."

(The scene represents the drawing-room of one of the old houses on Beacon St., looking across the Common,— a room of quiet tone, almost dingy, but elegant and dignified. Hangings of faded blue damask and old tapestry, furniture covered with same damask. White paneling, rather smoky. Windows at L, with some violet-colored panes. View of common, in spring. Flowers in windows, (hyacinths, etc.) Old blue and white vases with branches of forsythia and pussy-willows. Bowl of May-flowers on centre table. Fire-place at back a little left of centre, fire burning. Mahogany door at R, back, leading to hall, and mahogany door R, leading to library. Large bust of Dante on low book-case, R.

Two Copley portraits, one, a man, over door at back, and the other, a woman, over fire-place.

It is late afternoon.

The room is lighted, later, by gas and kerosene-lamps.

At rise of curtain, Mrs. Alexander discovered standing at window L, deep in thought. She has somehow acquired an air of distinction, and in her black chiffon tea-gown, without jewelry, she looks something between the Antigone of Sophocles and Mrs. Beacon Hill.

(Enter R. back, a sombre and elderly Butler, in Black. He has a newspaper in his hand.)

BUTLER: The Transcript, madam. *(Mrs. Alexander does not move. Butler places Transcript on centre-table, carefully, and exit R, back. Mrs. Alexander moves slowly to table, picks up paper, yawns, and puts it down again. Goes to fire-place, still thinking.)*

(Enter R Back, Florence, in spring street costume, followed by Charles.

CHARLES: You must admit, Miss Florence, that Boston has a peculiar charm of its own in the spring.

FLORENCE (*pulling off her gloves in jerks*): Very peculiar!

MRS. ALEXANDER (*from the fire-side*): Have you two had a good walk?

CHARLES: Oh Mrs. Alexander; pray pardon us! We did n't see you.

FLORENCE: Charles Fuller's idea of a spring walk is to drag me up to Copp's Hill Burying-Ground! Oh, is it up or down?

MRS. ALEXANDER: My dear, when you live on Beacon Hill, wherever you go, you go down!

FLORENCE (*laughing*): Mrs. Alexander is a true Bostonian now! (*But Charles looks doubtful.*)

CHARLES (*intensely*): Mrs. Alexander, we saw one squirrel on the Common — just one!

FLORENCE: And he had no tail!

CHARLES: Dear Miss Florence, I do think he had, but it was not quite *finished*.

FLORENCE (*gurgling*): Oh — oh! — Charles Fuller has made a joke! (*He stares at her, puzzled.*)

CHARLES: Mrs. Alexander, you have n't forgotten that the Cameo Club will meet here this evening?

MRS. ALEXANDER: No indeed!

CHARLES: And I hope they will do something for my Squirrel Rescue League. I think Professor Winthrop may make some valuable suggestion.

MRS. ALEXANDER (*beaming*): He is really coming? — Delightful!

FLORENCE: Oh, he's great,— talks Henry James right off the reel! (*Charles turns away from her, with a shocked look.*)

CHARLES (*intensely*): I am so very glad, Mrs. Alexander, that you have been made a member of the Cameo Club. And, (*looking out of window, L*) I am always so grateful to you for having taken this house, with the violet window panes! — To look across the Common through these panes is like — like —

FLORENCE: Looking backward! (*He ignores her.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER: Yes, I never have felt really at home anywhere before! — (*Florence chokes a laugh just in time, Charles looks hopefully at Mrs. Alexander.*)

CHARLES: Now, Mrs. Alexander, I think we ought to attend to certain matters, before the Club-meeting. Can you give me your attention for a few minutes?

MRS. ALEXANDER (*rising, wearily*): Oh yes — come into the library — come Florence! — (*Charles holds open the mahogany door, R, and Mrs. Alexander passes through*).

FLORENCE (*following Mrs. Alexander, pauses and whispers to Charles, with twinkling eyes*): Is she saved?

CHARLES (*very gently*): Hush! — (*He follows Florence off R, closing door behind them*).

(*Enter Butler, back, showing in a visitor*).

BUTLER: This way if you please, madam — (*Enters Mrs. Vivien, as vivacious as ever, but wearing a dowdy dust-coat and traveling veil, etc.*) I will find Mrs. Alexander, madam — (*Exit, back*).

MRS. VIVIEN (*looking around the room*): Well, well! *Mon dieu!* — Wonderful! — (*Her swift glance takes in everything. She picks up the books on the centre-table.*) “Boston Blue Book” — Browning — Henry James — the “Atlantic Monthly” — perfectly delicious! — (*She looks up, her eyes light on the two portraits.*) Oh la la! — Copleys, I declare, — Copleys or copies! — Madame — monsieur! — (*She makes a curtesy to each in turn.*) My compliments! — You sit up there in the most naturally *unnatural* manner, — I wonder what you think of your new descendant? — Your *brand-new* descendant! — Do you ever solemnly wink at each other, when you look down at her? No? — You don’t look at her at all? — My compliments, madame — monsieur! (*Curtsies again, laughing.*)

(*Mrs. Alexander has opened the door R, during this little scene. and has stood watching Mrs. Vivien with contracted brows, biting her lips. Now she forces a laugh and hurries forward.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER: Well, my dear, paying your respects to my Copleys?

MRS. VIVIEN (*shaking hands*): Your ancestors, dear?

MRS. ALEXANDER (*firmly*): Yes, — from Salem. He is Colonel Peabody and she is Betty Devereux. They married, and their grand-daughter was the Elizabeth Peabody, for whom I was named.

MRS. VIVIAN (*laughing*): Delicious! — Where did you pick up your ancestors?

MRS. ALEXANDER (*dryly*): At the North End, in a very old house — now a junk-shop.

MRS. VIVIEN: Dear clever creature! (*Mrs. Alexander sits, near fire. Mrs. Vivien standing by fire, looks at her, then at "Betty Devereux" above the mantelpiece, with quizzical smile. Mrs. Alexander looks uncomfortable, and speaks coldly.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER: When did you get back.

MRS. VIVIEN: This very day! — Came to you first thing! You've been getting on, it seems? (*She darts about the room.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER (*haughty*): I've done rather well, — in spite of your desertion.

MRS. VIVIEN: But you know I *always* spend the winter in Rome, *cara mia*. I can't endure Boston in the winter!

MRS. ALEXANDER (*drily*): Well, I have weathered a Boston winter, — no, it was n't easy! — but now it's spring and — (*impressively*) to-night the Cameo Club meets at my house!

MRS. VIVIEN (*much amused*): No, really? You've got into *that* —

MRS. ALEXANDER: Yes, — Charles Fuller arranged it.

MRS. VIVIEN: Ah! that young man must be rather useful to you in Boston! — And is that girl still with you?

MRS. ALEXANDER (*smiling*): Florence? Oh yes! — if she were n't I hardly think Charles would be. Oh he thinks he's staying here for my good — he thinks he's influencing me, and he thinks I don't know it! But really he's in love with Florence.

MRS. VIVIEN (*shrugging*): Well, she's pretty! —

MRS. ALEXANDER (*impulsively*): She's more than that, she has character! — When I see how she keeps her head through everything — not dazzled by Newport, not awed by Boston, and always is just *herself* — I declare I almost despise myself!

MRS. VIVIEN (*gushingly*): Oh my dear, don't say that! — Yours is the kind of genius that develops — progresses. You are adaptable, subtle, — and you are playing your part so well! Don't wish yourself in the simple ingénue rôle! Tell me, where is Sarski?

MRS. ALEXANDER (*with a little shudder, her face clouding again*): He too has got into Boston Society! (*Mrs. Vivien laughs loudly, and prances about the room, in imitation of Sarski.*) He followed me up here, and I've had to introduce him right and left. Of course he's in my power — but so also am I in his!

MRS. VIVIEN: *Quelle comedie!*

MRS. ALEXANDER (*irritably*): Do talk English, and do sit down! (*Mrs. Vivien sits for a moment.*) I've told Sarski not to come here this evening — he gets on my nerves! — The Beales-Brownes have him in tow at present. The daughter, you know, is the belle of Boston.

MRS. VIVIEN: Yes, she danced her way in! — I don't mean waltzing, I mean *ballet*! *You* have n't tried *that*, have you, dearie?

MRS. ALEXANDER: Thank you, I have n't needed to — I have got in without it. What are you laughing at now? (*For Mrs. Vivien is always laughing.*)

MRS. VIVIEN: My dear, as if an outsider could ever get in, really, in Boston! — (*Mrs. Alexander bites her lip.*) And if you've done so well without me, dear, I need hardly have left Rome at the most charming moment and come rushing over here to see you! Yes, came just as I was, with nothing but rags in my trunk — behold how seedy I am! (*She holds out her hands in shabby gloves.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER: I shall be happy to — (*hesitates*).

MRS. VIVIEN: Give me a new spring outfit? — Oh the dear woman! (*Throws her a kiss.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER: That is, if you won't — (*glances at portraits.*)

MRS. VIVIEN: Give away your ancestors from Salem Street? No indeed, I adore them and you! Boston would be too dull without you! (*She executes a few minuet steps, humming, in front of the portraits.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER: Do sit down!

MRS. VIVIEN: No, I must run away —

MRS. ALEXANDER: You'll come to the Club this evening? (*Mrs. Vivien makes a wry face.*) I may need you — there are still two or three things I don't quite understand.

MRS. VIVIEN: I rather think there are!

MRS. ALEXANDER: I'm awfully tired,—it's the spring, I suppose.

MRS. VIVIEN: No, dear, it's *Boston*! — Well, I'll try to come in, but they do bore me to death.

MRS. ALEXANDER (*impressively*): Professor Winthrop is coming.

MRS. VIVIEN: Oh the tiresome thing! — Oh la la! (*Mrs. Alexander looks horrified.*) The Cameo will talk and *talk* — and do nothing!

MRS. ALEXANDER (*firmly*): I intend that we shall do something tonight!

MRS. VIVIEN (*amused*): Really? — What's on?

MRS. ALEXANDER: For one thing, we are to discuss the question of a fountain in Copley Square —

MRS. VIVIEN (*eagerly*): Oh my dear! Paul has just made the design for a fountain,—it would be just the thing! — Do let me show it to the Club this evening? Poor dear Paul would come over with me, leaving a lot of work unfinished in Rome.

MRS. ALEXANDER (*wearily*): Very well, my dear, certainly. And then —

(*Enter Charles R.*)

CHARLES: Mrs. Alexander — I beg your pardon — how do you do, Mrs. Vivien — Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Johnson wants to know if you will serve on the Bottled Milk Committee?

MRS. ALEXANDER: The *what*?

CHARLES: It means pure milk for poor babies,—she wants you to inspect the bottles,—or the babies,—I forget which. (*He looks embarrassed.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER: The nerve of the woman!

CHARLES (*genily*): She was an Adams.

MRS. ALEXANDER (*changing her tone*): Oh, was she? — Well, say that I'll think it over.

CHARLES: Very well. (*Exit R.*)

MRS. VIVIEN: Dearie, a word in your ear — don't let the Adamses worry you! (*Mrs. Alexander looks bewildered.*) Now I must fly back to the hotel to change my rags, and get a bite of dinner — I suppose there won't be anything to *eat* tonight?

MRS. ALEXANDER: Light wine and seed cake!

MRS. VIVIEN (*laughing*): Exactly! Oh but I'll come! With *you* it will be as good as a comedy! — (*going.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER: Oh, by the way — they seem to think here that I'm a widow, and I let it go at that — you understand! Divorce is n't quite the thing in Boston.

MRS. VIVIEN (*with a shrug and a sigh*): Mon Dieu, I know that! — So you've buried Sandy Smith alive? Where?

MRS. ALEXANDER: I don't know where he is, I wish I did! — That is — I mean — oh well I have n't seen him for months. (*She betrays a little anxiety.*)

MRS. VIVIEN (*gaily*): Well, I'll try to bring *my* little husband this evening, but you know what he is! — Anyhow I'll bring the sketch — Au revoir, dear. Au revoir madame, monsieur! (*She bows good bye to the portraits and exits back. Her merry laugh is still heard, off scene.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER (*alone, stretches herself wearily, takes a turn up and down the room.*) Oh! — Her laugh gets on my nerves! Heavens, how tired I am! — Shall I ever understand this Boston? — (*Looks up at portrait of "Betty Devereux."*) What are you smiling at? Are you laughing at me, too? — (*She goes to mirror at wall L, between windows, and looks at herself, then up at portrait, then back into mirror.*) Eliza Smith, you fool! — Pretty soon all Boston will be laughing at you! — You had almost begun to think those really were your ancestors — but now! *Now look* — do you look like their descendant? (*in scorn of herself she whirls away from the mirror, goes toward door at back, and looks quickly at man's portrait.*) Don't you dare to wink at her! — (*she looks around the room, shuddering. The scene is growing dusky.*) Ugh! I believe this old house is haunted! And the ghosts won't speak to me, I'm not one of the family! I'm all alone, I'm all alone in this musty old house, where the pictures on the wall laugh at me! Oh! (*she huddles down by the fire, hiding her face in her hands. Butler shows in a visitor, — a man — Sandy Smith. Exit Butler. Sandy comes forward a few steps, stands hesitating.*)

SANDY (*softly*): Eliza — (*Mrs. Alexander springs up with a shriek, then sees him, and rushes to him, clinging to him, hysterical.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER: Oh Sandy! Is it you? — Oh don't

be a ghost, Sandy! — Don't be a buried — alive Sandy — be real!

SANDY: Well, well, Eliza! Well by the hokey-pokey!

MRS. ALEXANDER (*drawing back, ashamed*): Excuse me Sandy,—you startled me,—I thought you were far away.

SANDY: All right, old girl! — (*She drops into a chair, he pats her shoulder, awkwardly.*) But what's the matter, eh?

MRS. ALEXANDER: That Vivien woman has just been here, and — she laughed at me! — And that minx on the wall there — Betty Devereux — she's laughing at me!

SANDY: Betty Beelzebub!

MRS. ALEXANDER: Oh yes, I think so! — I don't belong to her and *she* does n't belong to *me*!

SANDY: Well, I guess she does,—bought *and* paid for.

MRS. ALEXANDER: That makes it all the worse! You don't understand,—and I don't quite! — I only know that I'm a fool.

SANDY: Oh I guess not, Eliza! But have you kept your head?

MRS. ALEXANDER: No, I have n't! — I've gone and put myself into that Vivien woman's power by telling her my secrets, — and I was already in Sarski's power! — My trouble all began with that Sarski business — I've gone on lying and *pretending* ever since. Oh what a mess! — It all gets on my nerves — and Boston gets on my nerves! (*She sobs.*)

SANDY (*standing in front of the fire, his hands in his pockets, looks down at her anxiously, his head on one side*): Had enough, Eliza?

MRS. ALEXANDER: N-no!

SANDY: What do you want *now*?

MRS. ALEXANDER: I don't know — I mean — oh I don't know what I mean nor what I want!

SANDY (*with inspiration*): I know what you mean — you mean — (*strikes an attitude and spouts*):

Ship me west of Massachusetts,
Where the worst is like the best,
Where there ain't no Copley portraits
And a man may wear a vest! —

MRS. ALEXANDER (*laughing wildly*): Oh Sandy, dear, I did n't know you were so clever! Ha ha ha!—(*suddenly stops laughing and springs to her feet.*) Oh but I'm forgetting—the squirrels are coming!—(*she looks rather wild. Sandy stares at her in alarm.*)

SANDY: Steady, old girl!—the *what*, eh?

MRS. ALEXANDER: I mean the Cameo Club,—think of it, Sandy, the *Cameo Club* meets here to-night! I've been made a member!—That means *everything*, in Boston.

SANDY: In Boston! Say, Eliza, I thought Boston had got on your nerves?

MRS. ALEXANDER (*getting hysterical again.*) My nerves, yes! I'm not fit to receive the Club to-night! And they'll be here soon!

SANDY: Send 'em word you're sick. Put 'em off.

MRS. ALEXANDER: Oh, I could n't!—Why, Sandy, *Professor Winthrop* is coming to-night—the great Prof. Winthrop of Harvard!

SANDY (*easily*): Oh let Professor Winthrop go to the devil!

MRS. ALEXANDER (*hysterical*): He c-can't,—he's a Unitarian!

SANDY (*roaring with laughter*): Haw-haw!

MRS. ALEXANDER (*calming herself with effort*): Do be quiet, Sandy,—I really must pull myself together and go through with this evening. I'm not afraid of these Bostonians! I—I've been a little upset, but I'm all right again now. I'll have my Boston triumph to-night, just as I had my great Newport triumph!—I put down Lily Samson in Breezaboro, and Mrs. Vanzynne in Newport,—and shall I be put down by *Betty Devereux*?—NO!—(*she looks defiantly at portrait.*) Now, Sandy, you keep out of the way, as usual, but I advise you to peep at the Club—it'll be as good as a "show"!—And you'd better be within call, Sandy, in case anything—happens.

SANDY: Good lord, 'Liza, what can *happen*?

MRS. ALEXANDER: Oh I don't know—I feel queer!—(*Enter Florence in haste, wearing a pretty house-gown. She is followed by Buller, who solemnly lights gas and lamps.*)

FLORENCE: Mrs. Alexander!—Oh Mr. Smith, I'm so

glad — excuse me, but do you know how late it is? Past dinner time, and the Club will be here in a few minutes! Charles says they always come *promptly at eight* — I thought you were in your room — I did n't know — (*she gives them a curious glance, for Mrs. Alexander looks disheveled and tear-stained.*)

SANDY: Did n't know Smithy had turned up again, eh? (*He and Florence shake hands.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER: I did n't realize it was so late, — I'll go at once — (*Enter Charles, back, in evening clothes, many papers in hand.*)

CHARLES (*terribly excited*): Mrs. Alexander — I beg your pardon, but the Club!

MRS. ALEXANDER: Yes, yes, I'm just going to dress, — yes, I'll hurry! — I don't want any dinner, just send me a glass of sherry — you go and eat dinner, Sandy — don't follow me anybody, — the sherry and the powder-box will make me all right! (*Exit back.*)

BUTLER (*solemnly, to Sandy*): Will you dine, sir?

SANDY: Yes, sir, I will sir! (*He pulls a longface, in imitation of butler, then winks at Florence. Exit Butler.*)

SANDY: Say, where's Jinjo?

CHARLES: Jinjo is studying at Harvard.

SANDY: By the hokey-pokey! — Well, Charlie my boy how are all the seconds and thirds around here?

CHARLES: The what? — I don't quite —

SANDY: How's the *juneess doree* of Boston? William the *Second* and Charles the *Third*, etcetera!

CHARLES: Oh! — (*He looks uncertainly at Florence, sees her laughing, and then forces a faint laugh himself.*) Ah ha ha! — Very good! —

FLORENCE (*declaiming*): "I — I shall save him at the last"!

SANDY: Well, coming to dinner, you two? —

FLORENCE: Thanks, we little ones have had early tea in the nursery! — And poor Charlie is so excited about the squirrels! — But I'll join you later, Mr. Smith.

SANDY: All right, — fine girl, Charlie! (*He gives Charles a dig in the ribs as he goes off, back. Exit Sandy.*)

(*Charles arranges papers, chairs etc., in a fidgety, nervous manner. Florence shakes up sofa cushions, etc.*)

FLORENCE: I wonder what's the matter with Mrs. Alexander?

CHARLES: Why of course she feels a little nervous about the Cameo Club,—it's a crisis in her life!

FLORENCE (*thoughtfully*): I believe it is —

CHARLES: But I do hope she won't be late — it would make a very bad impression on Miss Wilton and Mr. Madison.

FLORENCE: Oh those old fossils! (*She shakes a cushion vigorously*).

CHARLES (*shocked*): My dear girl, they are pillars of the Club! Mr. Madison has always been President, and Miss Wilton is his cousin. (*He places arm chair by table.*) There I think Mrs. Hill will like to sit *here*,— of course she really rules the Club.

FLORENCE (*with spirit*): I'll wager that Mrs. Alexander will be running it soon! *She'll* show them! — (*But Charles shakes his head sadly.*)

CHARLES: Hardly that, I think. She is n't, after all, a Bostonian! — (*Florence picks up the Blue Book, shakes it viciously and bangs it down on the table.*)

FLORENCE: Charles Francis, you remind me of the Funny Man who had made a comic curtain speech at the Tremont Theatre one night, and said: — "Ladies and Gentlemen, *I was always born in Boston*"!

CHARLES (*seriously*): I wonder if he always was? (*Florence groans, and makes another attack on the sofa pillows.*) Miss Florence, I regret deeply that you cannot belong to the Cameo Club — I fear you feel it, but the conditions are, absolutely, that one must have New England ancestors —

FLORENCE (*poking the fire, vigorously*): Thank you, Mr. Fuller, for thinking of my feelings! — But my strong feeling is that there are other things in the world besides Cameos and Copleys! — Oh I'll remember your hint that I'm not expected this evening!

CHARLES (*gently*): Not as one of the Club, no — but you might perhaps assist in some little way —

FLORENCE: Help Rogers to pass the silly seed-cake? Thanks! — Not for mine! — I had much rather spend the

evening on the back stairs with Sandy Smith — (*She drops the poker with a crash that makes him wince.*) Charles Fuller, on your native heath you are simply unbearable! — (*She rushes off back. Charles alone, a moment.*)

CHARLES (*carefully puts poker in place*): I wonder if she really will spend the evening on the back stairs with Mr. Smith? — I don't somehow quite like it! — (*A clock in hall strikes eight, loudly. Charles starts, looks anxious. Immediately the Butler announces "Miss Wilton" —*)

(*Enter Miss Wilton, back. She is a severe maiden-lady, between fifty and seventy-five, dressed in a bright purple silk made "high neck." She has a "Paisley" shawl on one arm and a black satin bag on the other. A little knit scarf about her shoulders.*)

CHARLES (*hurrying to meet her*): Miss Wilton — how do you do? — Won't you leave your wraps in the library?

MISS WILTON (*grimly*): I have left them there. Don't you dare to take my shawl away, young Charles! (*Charles is trying to relieve her of her shawl.*) One never knows what draughts there may be in strange houses! (*She sits by the fire.*)

CHARLES: Strange? This dear old house?

MISS WILTON: House of a Stranger, I mean. Where is she?

CHARLES (*nervously*): She has been delayed by business of the — Milk Committee, — I'm delighted that you are early, Miss Wilton, I want you to look over this report — (*bringing her a paper.*)

MISS WILTON: I'm *not* early, I'm *prompt*, — I'm always prompt! So is Henry Madison, but he's still taking off his goloshes —

BUTLER (*announcing*): Mr. Madison!

(*Enter Mr. Henry Madison, very elderly and dignified, very deaf.*)

MISS WILTON: Well, Henry, have you got off all your mufflers?

MR. MADISON: Your muff, Amy? — I did n't have your muff. (*She twitches impatiently, then takes horn-rimmed spectacles from her bag and reads report.*)

MR. MADISON (*warming his hands at fire*): How do you do, young Charles? — Yes, the evening is chilly. Our New England spring is n't what it used to be. Where is our hostess, Mrs. —
a —

CHARLES: She will be with us in a moment,— she has been delayed —

MR. MADISON (*not hearing, looking up at the two portraits*): Ah! — Who is *this* — and *this*?

CHARLES: That is Colonel Peabody,— Mrs. Alexander's great-great —

MR. MADISON: Alexander the Great? — Nonsense!

MISS WILTON (*looking up over her goggles*): A Peabody? Nonsense!

CHARLES (*shouting*): They are Copleys — *ancestors* — *Salem!*

MR. MADISON (*with dignity*): I hear you, young man,— you don't need to shout *Salem* at me as if you were a conductor on the Boston & Maine! (*Charles is embarrassed.*)

BUTLER (*announcing*): Mrs. Vivien! — (*Enter Mrs. Vivien in a flutter. She wears an evening gown of chiffon, which justifies her words "rags." Her hair is done in Greek fashion, with a fillet. She carries a long roll of paper.*)

MISS WILTON: That Vivien woman! — I can't bear her —

MRS. VIVIEN (*gaily*): Here I am! — Ah, old friends! — (*She rushes at them and kisses Miss Wilton, who looks grim. Mr. Madison bows gallantly.*)

MISS WILTON: Where did *you* come from, Marguerite?

MRS. VIVIEN: From Rome — I brought a Roman sash for you, dear!

MISS WILTON (*snorting*): Where's your husband?

MRS. VIVIEN: Poor dear Paul is in bed! — He's a *wreck*, after the voyage.

MR. MADISON: Wrecked? Not on the *Cunard* line?

MISS WILTON (*shouting*): No, no — *sea-sick!*

MRS. VIVIEN: And where is our dear Mrs. Alexander?

CHARLES (*giving her a look of appeal*): She was detained —

MRS. VIVIEN (*quickly*): Oh yes. I fear that's *my* fault — I ran in before dinner, and we got talking about old times in Salem!

MISS WILTON (*severely, to Charles*): You said it was the Milk Committee! (*Charles tries to explain to her.*)

BUTLER (*announcing*): Mrs. Beales-Browne,— Miss Beales-

Brown,— Prince Sarski! — (*Enters Mrs. Beales-Brown, followed by Evelyn Beales-Browne and Sarski. Mrs. Beales-Browne is a plump and placid matron with a meaningless smile, very correctly gowned: she is perfect "Bromide." Her daughter is a very pretty young girl, who looks like a Greuze or a Romnex, and behaves like a chorus-girl. She wears evening-dress, height of fashion. Sarski is smiling as ever; his "order" is worn on a red ribbon across his evening-shirt front. He keeps near Evelyn throughout the Club scene.*)

MRS. VIVIEN (*meeting them gushingly, as if she were the hostess*): Oh you dear people,— I'm so glad to see you!

MRS. BEALES-BROWNE: Why, Mrs. Vivien have you returned?

MRS. VIVIEN: *Me voila!*

SARSKI (*kissing her hand*): Madame Piff-paff-pouf, who appears and disappears! (*Mrs. Brooks-Browne shakes hands with the others.*)

MRS. VIVIEN (*wickedly*): *Mon prince!* — Still hunting, in this land of big game?

MRS. BEALES-BROWNE: Oh Prince Sarski is n't hunting at this season! He's enjoying Boston, are n't you, Prince?

SARSKI: De Boston matrons, yes! — And de maidens, yes! (*He throws a kiss to Miss Wilton, who glares.*)

EVELYN BEALES-BROWNE: Prince Sassy!

MRS. VIVIEN: And this dear child has come out,— and a great success I hear! (*Mrs. Beales-Browne beams complacently.*)

EVELYN: Hello, Mrs. Vivy! — Are you running the festive frolic to-night? — Where's the Lady Patroness?

MRS. VIVIEN: The what, dearie?

EVELYN: The lady of the house, dearie,— I call her that because she'll be a "Patroness" for anything, in Boston!

CHARLES: No she won't, unless I advise her to. (*Evelyn shouts with laughter.*)

MRS. BEALES-BROWNE: Yes, where is Mrs. Alexander.

CHARLES AND MRS. VIVIEN (*together*): Just a moment — detained — milk!

MRS. VIVIEN (*alone*): Have you seen her Copleys? — *This one* — (*she leads Mrs. Beales-Browne to the portraits with many*

gestures. Charles casts nervous glances at door, clock etc., and fusses with papers.)

EVELYN (*to Charles*): Cheer up, old Solemncholy! — The worst is yet to come! (*Slaps him playfully on the back. Charles winces, then laughs feebly.*) I'm disappointed that this house does n't look *queer* — I thought your western woman in this old house would have some funny combinations,— but no, all very correct! No fun at all!

CHARLES: Did you fancy that I would introduce a lady with bad taste to the Cameo Club?

EVELYN (*hopefully*): Well, maybe she'll *do* something queer!

CHARLES (*coldly*): I think not, Miss Beales-Browne.

MRS. BEALES-BROWNE (*looking around, vaguely*): [I wonder where my Billy is?

EVELYN (*to Charles*): I told you the worst was yet to come! (*She and Sarski whisper together at L.*)

MISS WILTON (*shouting at her cousin*): I said, it's almost time for us to go home!

BUTLER (*announcing*): Mrs. Alexander!

EVELYN: She comes! — (*Makes a mocking curtsy.*)

(*Enter Mrs. Alexander, wearing a severe black velvet evening gown, with a cameo neck-lace. A black Spanish lace scarf falls off her shoulders. Charles beams with relief and pride. Mrs. Alexander is pale and nervous, but her smile is brave. She sweeps forward quickly.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER: Good evening, everybody! — Dear Miss Wilton, don't move! (*Miss Wilton never does move.*) Mr. Madison — Mrs. Beales-Browne — my dear little girl — (*shaking hands with them all.*)

EVELYN (*with insolent ease*): Hello, Mrs. Alexander!

SARSKI (*prancing up to Mrs. A., grinning*). Monna Lisa, I am here! (*She looks daggers at him, as if to say "I see you, and hate you." She bites her lips and turns quickly from him.*)

MRS. VIVIEN (*whispering slyly to Mrs. A.*): I thought you told him not to come! (*Mrs. Alexander looks daggers at her.*) Never mind, dear, I'll see you through, if you'll help me about the Fountain. (*Indicates the paper with her hand. Mrs. Alexander nods.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER: I'm so sorry, friends, to be late, but really I've been so upset about the *squirrels*!

MISS WILTON (*looking at Charles*): I thought it was the *Milk*? (*Charles is embarrassed.*)

MRS. BEALES-BROWNE: Very nice in you to feel it so much, Mrs. Alexander,— You are quite a Bostonian at heart!

MRS. ALEXANDER: Oh heart and soul! (*Mrs. Beales-Browne and Miss Wilton nod approval. Charles smiles again. To Charles.*) Professor Winthrop has n't come yet?

CHARLES: No, nor Mrs. Hill.

MRS. ALEXANDER: Thank heaven!

MRS. BEALES-BROWNE: And my boy has n't come yet! (*Mrs. Alexander turns to her.*)

MISS WILTON (*quickly, sharply*): What are you going to do for the Milk Committee?

MRS. ALEXANDER (*turning to her*): Oh, I'm to buy all the bottles,—or all the babies, which is it, Mr. Fuller? (*She laughs nervously, as they all stare at her in astonishment.*)

BUTLER (*announcing*): Mrs. Hill! — (*All rise except Miss Wilton.*)

(*Enter Mrs. Hill, looking very distinguished in a gray satin that just matches her hair, but the eternal feather boa is on her shoulders.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER (*rushing to her*): Dear Mrs. Hill, at last!

MRS. HILL: Am I last? How do do! — (*She looks around with little nods for them all, then kisses Mrs. Vivien.*)

CHARLES (*indicating arm chair by table*): Will you sit here, Mrs. Hill?

MRS. ALEXANDER: Yes, do take the Chair — the throne!

MRS. HILL (*sitting*): We may as well begin our meeting now. Henry Madison is supposed to preside,— Henry, do you hear?

MR. MADISON: Ah — ah — the subject is open to discussion. (*Faint smiles all round. Evelyn giggles. Miss Wilton glares.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER: Oh we must wait for *Professor Winthrop*!

MRS. HILL (*snubbing her*): Not at all,— we *never* wait for him! (*Charles stands by Mrs. Hill's chair and places papers before her. Mrs. Alexander sits well down stage, R. Centre, near Mrs. Hill. Miss Wilton, Mr. Madison and Mrs. Beales-Browne are near the fire. Evelyn and Sarski at extreme L. Mrs. Vivien flutters from one chair to another.*)

MR. MADISON (*impressive but vague*): Now — ah — hem — the matters to be discussed this evening — ah — hem —

MRS. HILL (*looking at Charles' notes*): The fountain in Copley Square, the Squirrel Rescue League —

CHARLES (*eagerly*): I do hope *that* may come up first, as being most important!

MISS WILTON: Young Charles, don't interrupt! — (*Charles whispers to Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Vivien whispers to Mrs. Alexander, and Miss Wilton tries to make Mr. Madison understand something.*)

BUTLER (*announcing impressively*): Professor Winthrop! — (*But Mrs. Alexander is the only person impressed, she springs up.*)

(*Enter Prof. Winthrop, a middle-aged man, very distinguished, very cold and calm, but with a curious twitch on his lips, and a faint gleam in his eyes at times, like the ghost of a smile. Correct evening dress, left glove on, right glove carried.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER (*meeting him, eager and nervous*): Ah, Professor Winthrop! — Last, but by no means least!

PROF. WINTHROP (*he speaks with an accent all his own, neither English nor French*): Mrs. Alexander? — Forgive my being so, seemingly, inexcusably late, and remember, for extenuating circumstances, that I live in a village.

MRS. ALEXANDER: Yes, I call it "*our village*"! (*He shows the twitch and the gleam.*)

PROF. WINTHROP: Cambridge is so much indebted to you for the possessive pronoun! (*He bows to the others.*) The cars were not, perceptibly, running, and the drawbridge was, in point of fact, open! — (*He sits, down R. a little apart from the others.*)

MRS. BEALES-BROWNE: Professor Winthrop, did you see my boy anywhere?

PROF. WINTHROP: Dear lady, I don't, regrettably, know your boy.

MRS. BEALES-BROWNE: Is n't he in one of your courses?

PROF. WINTHROP: Not perceptibly. (*Evelyn's loud laugh.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER: We were just discussing the Squirrel Rescue League —

PROF. WINTHROP (*wearily*): Naturally, yes.

MISS WILTON (*severely*): We were n't discussing anything that I know of!

PROF. WINTHROP: Then let us, knowingly, discuss! (*All hitch their chairs a little nearer, ready for discussion. Mr. Madison clears his throat, Mrs. Hill is about to read from report.*)

BUTLER (*announcing*): Mr. William Beales-Browne Second — (*Miss Wilton gives a snort of rage. Mrs. Hill puts the report down and looks bored. Mrs. Vivien gives a French shrug of despair. Enter Billy Beales-Browne, prancing in gaily,—A very young Harvard "man."*)

BILLY: Little Willy's late — naughty Willy!

MRS. BEALES-BROWNE (*rustling forward*): Oh Billy dear! — Mrs. Alexander, this is my son,—it's so sweet of you to let him come, but I'm ashamed of him! (*She beams with pride. Mrs. Alexander shakes hands with Billy. Everyone else annoyed.*)

BILLY: Could n't help it, Mater, it was "up drawbridge, groom" and "he swam the Charles river where ford there was none"!

MRS. BEALES-BROWNE: Oh Billy, you did n't!

BILLY: Well, here I, perceptibly, am!

MRS. BEALES-BROWNE (*in loud whisper*): Billy, don't you know Professor Winthrop?

BILLY: I do,—but he does n't know all that I know! — (*He tries to speak to Prof. Winthrop, who ignores him. His mother tries to make him sit by her, but he finally joins Evelyn and Sarski at L.*)

MRS. VIVIEN (*whispering to Mrs. A.*): Why did you let the whole Beales-Browne family come here?

MRS. ALEXANDER (*bewildered*): Why not? (*She looks nervously around at the frowning faces.*)

MISS WILTON (*shouting at Madison*): I said, if the Cameo Club is to become a Kindergarten, how is it ever going to save Boston?

MR. MADISON: Ah — now — hem we were saying — ah —

MRS. HILL (*briskly*): Now for the squirrels,— if there *are* any squirrels!

CHARLES (*intensely*): I assure you that I saw one to-day, and its tail was perfectly pitiful —

ALL (*in a moan of distress*): O-oh! —

MRS. BEALES-BROWNE: And supposing that one should die!

BILLY (*dramatic*): With all his imperfections on his tail!

MRS. BEALES-BROWNE: Billy! (*All frown at him, but Mrs. Alexander is shaken with laughter.*)

CHARLES: This is a serious matter!

MRS. ALEXANDER (*controlling herself and speaking with energy*): Yes indeed! — It seems to me that the thing to do is to get some *new* squirrels,— the woods must be full of them! (*All look at her with cold disapproval.*)

CHARLES (*sadly*): They wouldn't be Boston squirrels!

PROF. WINTHROP: Fuller, don't be an ass — at least, not avoidably! (*Charles looks reproachfully at Mrs. Alexander and Mrs. Vivien whispers to her —*)

MRS. VIVIEN (*to Mrs. Alexander*): Don't make suggestions, dear! (*Mrs. Alexander looks nervous again.*)

MRS. BEALES-BROWNE (*importantly*): It occurs to me that the squirrel's tail was probably eaten by the Brown-tail moth!

EVELYN AND BILLY (*shouting*): Mater! (*Billy pats her on the back.*)

MISS WILTON (*sharply*): We are getting off the subject!

BILLY: Yes, yes, we are all off!— Now I quite think the thing to do — (*he speaks so earnestly that all listen*) is for someone — say Charles Fuller, or Miss Wilton — to climb a tree and crawl out on the tip of a branch, and make a little noise like a nut!

MRS. BEALES-BROWNE: Billy! (*The others frown or snort. Prof. Winthrop closes his eyes in utter weariness.*)

BILLY: I did so want to be helpful!

CHARLES (*puzzled*): But what kind of a noise does a nut make? (*Mrs. Alexander, swallowing a laugh, makes a queer sound in her throat.*)

BILLY: That's it — she's got it! *That's a nutty noise!* (*His mother and Evelyn manage to suppress him. Mrs. Alexander keeps her self-control with difficulty, and makes another energetic effort.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER: I suppose the Rescue League wants to raise money? (*They frown at her.*)

CHARLES (*hesitating*): Well,— really —

EVELYN (*eagerly*): Oh then let *my* club give a vaudeville show! Mrs. Alexander, will you be a Patroness?

MRS. ALEXANDER: Yes, dear, certainly.

MISS WILTON (*loud aside*): That girl wants to do a dance — she has her ankles on her brain!

MRS. HILL (*to Mrs. Alexander*): My dear, will you kindly let *me* run this club?

MRS. ALEXANDER: Oh! — of course! — (*For a moment she looks ready to die of mortification, but she quickly regains her spirit, and looks defiant. Everyone talks at once. Mrs. Hill raps on table calling them to order.*)

MR. MADISON: Ah — now the subject is settled — ah —

MISS WILTON: Settled!

CHARLES (*in distress*): Oh but Mrs. Hill — (*whispers to her.*)

MR. MADISON: The next subject for discussion is — ah — (*Enter Rogers, the butler, with large tray of wine and cakes, which he places on side table, R. Billy makes a rush across room to refreshment table.*)

(*Exit Rogers.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER: Now I hope you'll all discuss this light refreshment,— a little intermission, before going on to another important subject! — Ah, thank you, Mr. Beales-Browne, please serve Mrs. Hill and Professor Winthrop. (*Billy does so with a fine imitation of Rogers. Some look pleased and some annoyed at the interruption. Mrs. Hill sits haughtily in her chair, talking with Prof. Winthrop. Sarski prances forward and tries to wait on Mrs. Alexander, who waves him away. Mrs. Vivien helps herself.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER (*to Sarski*): Keep away from me!

SARSKI (*laughing*): You have nerves, yes? (*He serves Mrs. Beales-Browne and Evelyn with wine and cake. Evelyn and*

Billy eat their cake in imitation of squirrels. Meanwhile Mrs. Alexander serves Miss Wilton and Mr. Madison, at fire-place.)

MRS. ALEXANDER: A glass of wind, Mr. Madison? — A little bit of seed cake, dear Miss Wilton? — I always like *simple* refreshments on these *thoughtful* occasions.

MISS WILTON (*nodding grimly*): Yes, quite right,— but we *never* have the refreshments until *nine-thirty* — the last thing!

MRS. ALEXANDER (*discouraged*): Oh! — I'm sorry — (*She turns away from Miss Wilton and Mrs. Vivien attacks her.*)

MRS. VIVIEN: Dearie, *why* did you cut in with refreshments *now*, before we had got to the Fountain question? Old Henry Madison will be going home!

MRS. ALEXANDER (*impatiently*): Well, well, we'll have that right now — (*She sweeps quickly to the table, where Mrs. Hill sits, and speaks with assumed ease, covering her nervousness.*) Dear Mrs. Hill,—and everybody—I beg to suggest that we consider the great Copley Square question, the Fountain question!

CHARLES (*wildly*): But the *squirrels*!

BILLY: Fuller, don't be a fooler fool than you fully feel!

MRS. ALEXANDER: I think we have a little surprise for you all —

MRS. VIVIEN (*coming quickly to table with her roll of paper*): My Paul has *always* had the idea of a fountain for Copley Square,—and behold! — I have here a sketch he has made for one,— *most appropriate*,— which he submits to the Cameo Club! (*She unrolls the large sheet, showing it in such a way that the audience cannot see it. Mrs. Hill looks at it through her eyeglass, raises her eyebrows in silence, and leans back in her chair. Mrs. Alexander takes a look, and again becomes very nervous. Miss Wilton comes down, takes one look, and shuts her mouth very tight, with an inward snort, glaring at Mrs. Vivien, who looks perfectly innocent. Billy and Evelyn, seeing the effect it has on the others, prance eagerly forward to look at it.*)

EVELYN: Oh, how cute! — Don't you adore it? (*She is giggling.*)

BILLY: Oh my! (*He goes R. and hides his head on the shoulder of the bust of Dante.*)

SARSKI (*looking at the sketch*): Charming! — so charming! (*Mrs. Beales-Browne takes a look and is too shocked to speak. Charles never looks at all. He stands aside in embarrassed distress.*)

MRS. HILL (*coldly*): Who — what — is she supposed to be? —

MRS. VIVIEN: Why she is Truth — the spirit of Truth — and the goblet in her hand holds the water of Life, forever flowing — when the fountain plays, you know!

MRS. ALEXANDER (*with a queer smile*): Truth, in our midst!

MRS. VIVIEN: Yes, so appropriate, you see!

BILLY (*jumping up and down*): Truth! Oh please put her in the Harvard Yard!

EVELYN: Oh do shut up, Billy Goat!

SARSKI (*in Mrs. Alexander's ear*): Appropriate for Newport, yes? For your garden, Monna Lisa? (*She shudders, as if Satan were whispering to her. Sarski grins wickedly and rejoins Evelyn.*)

MRS. VIVIEN: What do you think of it, Professor Winthrop?

PROF. WINTHROP: I think it, incidentally, characteristic of Paul Vivien.

MR. MADISON (*coming to look at it*): I see no resemblance whatever to Paul Revere! And *where*, madam, is his *horse*? (*Billy and Evelyn collapse.*)

MISS WILTON (*bursting out*): Henry Madison, you're as deaf as a post! — Marguerite Vivien, you shameless —! how dare you bring that thing to the Club? — You and your poor dear Paul had better stay among those dirty Roman ruins!

MRS. VIVIEN (*sweetly*): But, dearie, we can't know as much about *antiques* as you do!

MRS. BEALES-BROWNE (*soothingly, trying to say the right thing*): It's a very *artistic* thing, of course, but perhaps not quite suitable for the Cameo Club to offer to Boston. (*Mrs. Alexander is again shaking with laughter.*)

MRS. VIVIEN: Why not? — What could be more suitable? It's so *Grecian* in feeling —

EVELYN: Mater means not suited to our New England climate!

MRS. BEALES-BROWNE: No, Evelyn, I do not!

CHARLES (*to Mrs. Alexander*): Why did you let Mrs. Vivien bring that sketch tonight? — I fear this evening is a failure! (*Her face twitches, she cannot speak. She holds her handkerchief to her lips. Is she about to laugh or weep?*)

MRS. HILL: Everard Winthrop, have you any ideas for Copley Square?

PROF. WINTHROP (*dreamy*): I had so many, but not for the moment, articulate. By the way, speaking of Copley Square, you have some really rather good Copleys here, Mrs. — a — (*Mrs. Alexander starts.*)

CHARLES: Alexander.

PROF. WINTHROP: Ah thank you! — I am getting positively senile in the matter of — in point of fact, new names.

MRS. VIVIEN: Alexander is a very old name!

PROF. WINTHROP (*looking at portraits through eyeglasses*): Now these Copleys, dear lady —

BILLY: Oh! Oh! (*Everyone looks at him.*) Oh! — the Copley lady is winking at me! (*Mrs. Alexander bursts into a scream of laughter. All stare at her. She springs up and goes to window, extreme L, laughing helplessly. Charles follows her in alarm and opens a window, — Miss Wilton instantly puts on her Paisley shawl. The library door, R., opens a little way, and Florence and Sandy are seen peeping in.*)

EVELYN (*in delight*): There! She is going to be queer!

MRS. BEALES-BROWNE: Don't mind my silly boy, Mrs. Alexander! Those are your ancestors, are n't they?

MRS. ALEXANDER (*hysterical*): No, no! They are *not* mine, they don't belong to me! — (*General murmur of astonishment.*)

(*Enter Sandy, followed by Florence.*)

SANDY: Excuse me, but those portraits do belong to her, bought and paid for! (*General sensation.*)

MRS. VIVIEN (*quickly, trying to save the situation*): Ah Mr. Smith! — This is Mrs. Alexander's Man of Business, and there is the business man's point of view, — "bought and paid for"! Yes, she actually had to buy back into the family those old portraits that had fallen into the hands of a collector, and —

MRS. ALEXANDER (*in a ringing voice*): That will do,

thank you, Mrs. Vivien!— (*With one swoop she takes Centre.*) Cameo Club, let me present my late husband,— but not too late! — (*All gasp. Sandy rubs his head.*) Sandy, I could n't stand it another minute!— Cameo Club, my name is Mrs. Alexander Smith, and I have no ancestors from Salem. Let us drink at the Fountain of Truth! (*she laughs not hysterically. Prof. Winthrop and Billy applaud, as if at a play, Mrs. Vivien and Charles make pleading gestures to Mrs. Alexander, but she does not heed them.*) I don't know how the idea ever got about that I was a widow, but I — well I encouraged it, for it seemed to be the thing in Boston! But there my husband perceptibly stands! (*Florence and Billy laugh*) I used to be ashamed of him, and now — I'm ashamed of myself!

SANDY: That's all right, Eliza,— I guess I'm vulgar.

MRS. ALEXANDER: Sandy, you are not vulgar,— you never pretended in your life!

MRS. HILL (*who seems much interested*): Bravo, Mrs. Alexander!

MRS. ALEXANDER: Mrs. Smith!

PROF. WINTHROP: Bravo bis! — There you are!

MRS. ALEXANDER: And now you may laugh at me, all of you! — (*But nobody laughs except Evelyn. Prof. Winthrop and Mrs. Hill look interested the others look indignant or embarrassed, Charles terribly disappointed and mortified.*)

FLORENCE (*who cannot contain herself longer*): I think the laugh is on Boston!

BILLY (*prancing up to her*): Hello, little West Wind!

FLORENCE: Hello you eternal Freshman!

BILLY: Hit a home, Miss Kenyon! — Don't let the Mater hear you mention that I'm still a Freshman! —

(*Sarski, in alarm at the truth-telling, has been trying to whisper to Mrs. Alexander, but she shakes him off. He then whispers apart busily with Mrs. Beales-Browne.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER (*sarcastic*): I'm so sorry to break up the even tenor of your Club ways, but they broke me up! So much for the Cameos! — (*With a superb gesture she throws her cameo necklace down on the table. It is like an empress abdicating. Mrs. Vivien with her sketch silently steals away — vanishes.*)

CHARLES (*suddenly, desperately*): I protest that the psychology of this is all wrong — the influence *could n't* have worked this way —

PROF. WINTHROP: Fuller, don't be an articulate ass!

CHARLES (*to Florence*): Now, how shall I ever save the Squirrels or Mrs. Alexander?

FLORENCE: I told you, "*that* shall save her at the last!" One laugh, and she *was* saved, don't you see? (*But Charles is too dejected to see. Mrs. Hill is talking with Sandy.*)

MISS WILTON (*shouting*): I say, Henry Madison, that we ought to have been home long ago. Come along! — (*She pokes Madison vigorously.*)

MR. MADISON: Ah — the meeting is now adjourned! — (*He bows to all, with dignity.*)

MISS WILTON: Good-night, all — Henry don't forget any of your mufflers! (*Exit wrapped in her paisley shawl.*)

FLORENCE: Exit Boston!

MR. MADISON (*to Mrs. Hill*): Are you coming, Augusta?

MRS. HILL: No, I'm *staying*. Good-night, Henry.

MRS. SMITH: Goodnight! ("*Henry*" bows again, and *exit*. Charles escorts him off, and returns.)

MRS. BEALES-BROWNE: A most *unusual* evening! — Come, my dears — (*Evelyn and Sarski follow her, but not Billy.*) Goodnight, Mrs. Smith!

MRS. ALEXANDER: Goodnight, Mrs. Browne! — Oh! — one moment, please, — now, Prince Sarski! (*She is evidently about to "tell on" him. He looks frightened, but Mrs. Beales-Browne speaks, importantly.*)

MRS. BEALES-BROWNE: Ah, yes indeed, Prince Sarski! — Let me announce that the Prince has done my daughter the honor to ask her to marry him.

SARSKI (*quickly*): And she has done me de honor to say yes!

MRS. BEALES-BROWNE: It's an engagement, — congratulations, friends!

(*Mrs. Hill looks at them through her glass. Prof. Winthrop bows. Billy throws his arms around Sarski's neck.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER (*winking at Sandy*): My congratulations, Prince and Princess! (*She makes a mocking curtsey, with a low laugh.*)

EVELYN (*tossing her head, insolently*): Thanks, Mrs. Smith!—
Come along, Nicholas —

SARSKI (*kissing his hand*): Adieu, Monna Lisa! (*He prances off gaily, with Evelyn on one arm, Mrs. Beales-Browne on the other.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER: Ha ha!

SANDY: Are n't you going to tell 'em, Eliza?

MRS. ALEXANDER: Not *just yet*, Sandy! — It's too good a joke to spoil *yet* — (*Sandy chuckles.*) and I've done enough truth-telling for one evening! (*She sighs wearily, and turns to Prof. Winthrop, who has remained standing, offering him her hand, meekly.*) Goodnight, Professor! —

PROF. WINTHROP: Not yet, dear lady, please! (*He hands her to a chair, and sits near. Charles and Florence sit on sofa, very stiff, with much space between them.*) I am having, incidentally, but quite wonderfully, an interesting experience. You were, just now, like Napoleon at Waterloo, or Queen Constance at the old Boston Theatre,— and yet, always, indestructably, you are Mrs. Smith!

SANDY: That's right! — You don't find my old girl vulgar, eh Mrs. Hill?

MRS. HILL: No, not *now*. And Mr. Sandy Smith is going to be my friend, are n't you?

SANDY (*shaking hands with her, vigorously*): Yes ma'm, by the Jumping Jehoshaphat!

MRS. ALEXANDER: Sandy! — (*But Mrs. Hill laughs heartily.*) That you two people should be the ones to stay, after — I thought you would be disgusted!

MRS. HILL: But my dear girl, you are the same person now that you were before except that now you are *yourself*, which is better.

PROF. WINTHROP: Oh, ever so much better!

MRS. HILL: I was only amused at you before, but now I *like* you.

PROF. WINTHROP: And where is *la Vivienne* and her fountain of Truth?

MRS. ALEXANDER: Gone!

PROF. WINTHROP: There you are! — And here *we* are!

BILLY: Me too! — I'm here!

MRS. ALEXANDER: Why Billy! (*She holds out her hand to him and he shakes it, shyly.*)

PROF. WINTHROP: Appearances to the contrary, notwithstanding, the Harvard undergraduate does have, occasionally, gleams of intelligence! —

BILLY: He means that I am not, adverbally, a donkey!

MRS. ALEXANDER: I think I see,— you mean that the people who know,— the really right people,— would think better of a real Smith than a make-believe Alexander?

PROF. WINTHROP: I mean,— and now I can phrase it distinctly — that I should have liked to put you in Copley Square, just as you stood there, with the torrent of just-right words flowing from your lips, like one of your great Western rivers. There's truth, if you like,— simple, even crude,— and so exactly what we need!

MRS. ALEXANDER (*surprised*): You say so? — *You* welcome something crude and *new*,— and yet you are such an aristocrat!

PROF. WINTHROP (*sadly*): Ah well, if a fellow is unfortunately *born* an aristocrat, what can he do?

MRS. ALEXANDER (*laughing*): Can't he live it down?

PROF. WINTHROP: The point is, let the fellow be, frankly, *what* he is, not what the other fellow is. Let us be, in point of fact, *us*! — Beales-Browne, what are you doing?

BILLY (*writing in a little book*): Taking notes of your lecture, sir!

PROF. WINTHROP (*dreamy*): That's all for to-day, thank you,— good evening! (*Rises.*)

BILLY (*rising*): Going back to Cambridge, Professor?

PROF. WINTHROP: Regrettably, yes.

BILLY: I'll see you home — (*In his ear*) I say, aren't you hungry?

PROF. WINTHROP: I — in point of fact, I am!

BILLY: Well, let's make a night of it! — Let's scamper across the Common to the Tabard Inn Club and sup on a broiled-live squirrel! Come on! — (*Seizes him by the arm.*) Good night, ladies!

PROF. WINTHROP: Good evening! — (*He managed to bow with some dignity. Exit Prof. Winthrop and Billy, arm-in-arm.*)

SANDY (*to Mrs. Hill, who has also risen*): Madam, will you drink a cocktail with me, to prove that you are, as I believe you, a true sport?

MRS. HILL: I will, with pleasure! (*Sandy darts out of room.*)

MRS. HILL (*shaking hands with Eliza*): My dear, I hope you won't go back to that Newport nonsense?

MRS. ALEXANDER: No, I won't.

MRS. HILL: You'll stay in Boston? (*Mrs. Alexander shakes her head smiling.*) What then? (*Sandy returns with the cocktails.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER: Back to Breezaboro! — As Florence says, "Michigan for mine!" (*Sandy looks delighted.*)

MRS. HILL: Good! — (*Takes glass from Sandy.*) To Breezaboro! (*drinks.*)

SANDY (*gallantly*): To Beacon Hill! — (*Drinks his.*)

MRS. HILL (*putting down her glass*): And now, goodnight!

MRS. ALEXANDER: Goodnight! (*Exit Mrs. Hill, escorted by Sandy.*)

(*Charles and Florence have arisen, but now sit again, on sofa. Mrs. Alexander suddenly turns to them with her old force.*) As for you two, — Charles Fuller, don't look at me with that long face! — Yes, I know, I was one of your Missions, and you're terribly disappointed in me, but never mind! I have learnt something in Boston, so cheer up and turn your attention to Florence! (*He looks helplessly at Florence*) You two have got to marry each other and live in the suburbs and be happy! — I won't have any more nonsense of people making a mess of their lives, — somebody's got to be sensible and happy! — Now hurry up!

(*She sits, Centre. Charles hitches nearer to Florence on sofa, she meets him half-way.*)

CHARLES (*considering it*): What do you say, dear Miss Florence?

FLORENCE: I say that it will be a great chance for you to influence me, day by day, and year by year!

CHARLES (*hopeful again, taking her hand solemnly.*) Yes — Florence — as my wife you could become a member of the Cameo Club!

MRS. ALEXANDER: Charles Fuller, don't be such an everlasting Bostonian! — Be an American!

FLORENCE: And "*I shall save him at the last!*"— (*Her merry laugh rings out, Charles puts his arm around her, awkwardly; Sandy has re-entered, rubbing his head.*)

SANDY: An American? — Yes, I guess we'd all better be that, Eliza Smith! (*He leans over her chair. She pats his hand and laughs up at him.*)

CURTAIN.

END OF PLAY.

